

HON. W. J. BRYAN
FOREIGN INFLUENCE IN
AMERICAN POLITICS

HON. GEO. FRED. WILLIAMS
THE WAY UPWARD

25 CENTS

The ARENA

EDITED BY
JOHN CLARK RIDPATH, LL. D.

APRIL, 1898

FOREIGN INFLUENCE IN AMERICAN POLITICS

By HON. WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

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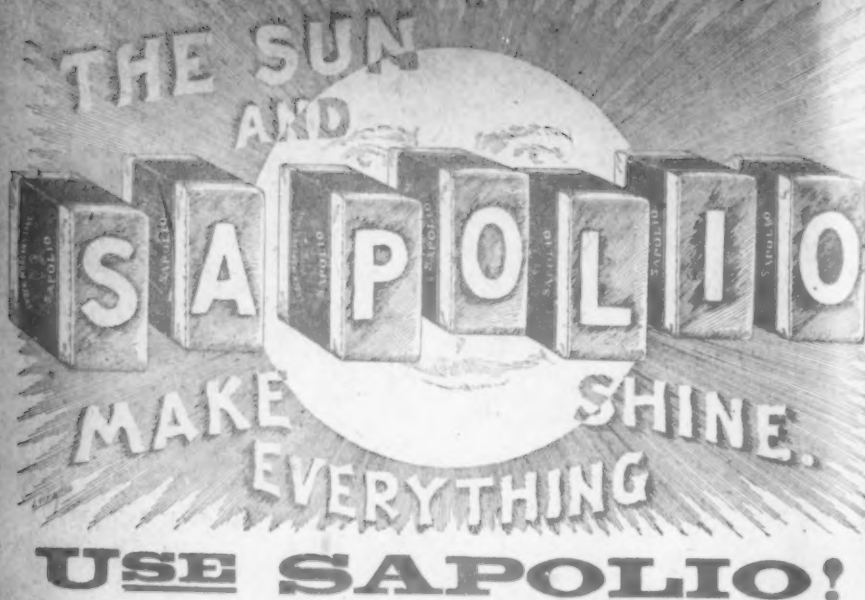
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To Polish Knives,
To Renew Oil Cloth,
To Brighten Metals,

To Scour Kettles,
To Scrub Floors,
To Renovate Paint,

To Scour Bath Tubs,
To Whiten Marble,
To Clean Dishes.

BROOK FARM: Historic and Personal Memoirs.

By John Thomas Codman.

POPULAR EDITION, CLOTH, \$1.00.

The Brook Farm Association for Education and Industry, founded by Rev. George Ripley of Boston, beyond being noticed by the public for its own peculiarities, became remarkable for the many wise and intelligent persons who either sympathized with it, aided it, or were led by curiosity to visit it, with more or less hope that something might come of it that would be of benefit to our social life or our institutions.

Those of the Farm who especially became famous were, besides the founder, Nathaniel Hawthorne, John S. Dwight, and Charles A. Dana. Among the students there were George William Curtis, Burrill Curtis, Abby Morton (Diaz), General Francis C. Barton, and (Father) Isaac Hecker. Among those who out of sympathy with its members or their ideas wrote for its publication, the Harbinger were James Russell Lowell, William W. Story, and Christopher P. Cranch. Their friends may be said to have been innumerable. Among them were Margaret Fuller, Ralph W. Emerson, Bronson Alcott, John A. Andrew, afterwards Governor, O. A. Brownson, Lowell, Cranch, Hedge, Horace Greeley, William Ellery Channing, Albert Brisbane, and Robert Dale Owen. To the wonderful galaxy of friendly sympathizers, and to the attempt to realize Christianity in daily life, to the greatness of the idea, and to the uniqueness of the mode of doing it, are we largely indebted for the prominent position Brook Farm has had in the minds of the American people.

Mr. E. O. Flower, author and editor, says: "In his admirable work, entitled Brook Farm, Dr. Codman has given the world a graphic description of one of the most remarkable experiments in communal life known on this side of the Atlantic. This unique social experiment enlisted the active interest and cooperation of more eminent men and women than any similar attempt of the same character of which I have any knowledge. There have been several, more or less visionary, descriptions of Brook Farm, but in this work we have the straightforward story of one who lived in the community, and whose interest then prevails; hence it has the double value of being an authoritative historical treatise and a sympathetic analysis of a noble example of one of those tentative efforts for the good of others which reveal the presence of an awakened conscience groping toward the light of a more just and human condition."

JOHN THOMAS CODMAN, 347 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass.

Entered at the Post Office at Boston, and admitted for transmission through the mails, as second-class matter.

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Yours truly,
W. J. Bryan.

"We do not take possession of our ideas, but are possessed by them.
They master us and force us into *the arena*,
Where like gladiators, we must fight for them."—*Heine*.

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FOREIGN INFLUENCE IN AMERICAN POLITICS.

BY HON. WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.

THE *Review of Reviews*, which cannot be accused of silver fanaticism, in its February number contained the following comment on the Chinese loan:

The matter has peculiar interest from the fact that the arrangement is supposed to have been worked out chiefly by the great bankers, who are neither English, French, nor German in their real allegiance, but must be regarded as a law unto themselves and a separate power, gradually but steadily strengthening their grip upon the destiny of nations.

It was this huge, mysterious money power that enabled the continental governments, led by Russia, to circumvent England and place the Chinese loan at the close of the Japanese war. And now it is the same hidden but potent force that declines to allow the continental powers to make the present Chinese loan, but ordains that England shall make it. The issues of the recent Turco-Greek war were decided, unquestionably, by this coalition of European bankers, who improved the opportunity to gain a better hold upon the revenues both of Turkey and of Greece, and cleared up millions of profit out of the hideous conflict between Moslem and Christian. Their influence has slaughtered the Armenians and wrought the discomfiture of Greece. The hand of this coalition of European bankers has been constantly felt in the affairs of Spain and Cuba. Their method is to secure control of great issues of public securities at heavy discounts, bearing high rates of interest, and then so to manipulate diplomacy and the course of international politics as ultimately to make certain the payment in full of interest and principal. It is not pleasant to remember that these foreign gentlemen, with their finger in every diplomatic and international affair, were invited to come to the rescue of the United States Treasury under the last administration.

While the people of the United States have not been blind

to the foreign interference which resulted in the dismemberment of Poland, the subjugation of India and Egypt, and the unsuccessful attempt to overthrow the Mexican republic; while they cannot be ignorant of the manner in which foreign influence is affecting Turkey, Greece, and China, and even now propping up the efforts of Spain to continue monarchical institutions in Cuba; they have reason to be indignant at the extent to which foreign influence has interfered in American politics during recent years, and still more reason to be alarmed at the attempt now being made to give foreign financiers absolute control over the financial policy of this nation.

When President Cleveland entered into a contract with the Rothschild-Morgan syndicate, he submitted to Congress a proposition made by this syndicate, which involved a radical change in the policy of the government. The syndicate virtually offered to the United States a sum equal to \$16,000,000 (calculated in interest upon the bonds under consideration) to depart from its established custom of issuing coin bonds and to inaugurate an entirely new custom, namely, the issuing of bonds specifically payable in gold. The proposition was supported in the House by the administration Democrats under the leadership of Mr. Wilson and by most of the prominent Republicans under the leadership of Mr. Reed.

If that offer had been accepted it would have been immediately followed by a proposition to make all government bonds payable in gold. In fact, the Lodge amendment to the Teller resolution contemplated this very thing, and there is no doubt that such a proposition would have received the support of a majority of the Republicans in the House, had it been submitted to that body. This amendment did receive the support of a majority of the Republicans of the Senate.

It is difficult to calculate the far-reaching influence of such a change as that proposed by the Rothschild-Morgan syndicate, indorsed by Mr. Cleveland, and later fathered by Senator Lodge. It would have committed the government to payment in a metal the production of which is largely controlled by the English government, and would have been a voluntary abandonment of the nation's contract right to pay in a metal of which this country is one of the largest producers.

On the 17th day of March, 1896, the English House of Commons unanimously adopted the following resolution:

That this House is of opinion that the instability of the relative value of gold and silver since the action of the Latin Union in 1873 has proved injurious to the best interests of this country, and urges upon the government the advisability of doing all in their power to secure by international agreement a stable monetary par of exchange between gold and silver.

Whether the House of Commons, in passing this resolution, contemplated its effect upon American politics, is not known; nor can it be known whether the resolution above quoted inspired the pledge made by the Republican convention to promote international bimetallism; but it is certain that the action of England was used during the campaign to encourage international bimetallists to hope for the reestablishment of the double standard through the aid of European nations. The election was sufficiently close to justify the assertion that without the promise to promote international bimetallism the Republican party could not have secured a majority of the electoral votes. It is certain, from a speech recently delivered by Mr. Wolcott in the United States Senate, that the resolution above referred to, together with the speeches delivered by Mr. Arthur J. Balfour and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach in support of the resolution, led the commission to expect concessions, and largely guided our commissioners in the proposals made by them to the English government.

Another evidence of the dominant force of foreign influence is to be found in the fact that the refusal of England to give assistance is accepted by the leading advocates of the gold standard as proof positive that international bimetallism is at present impossible. Upon this failure the pronounced monometallists predicate their demand for the permanent maintenance of the gold standard.

The English House of Commons by a brief resolution leads international bimetallists in the United States to hope for relief from the gold standard, and then the English government, by refusing to coöperate with the United States and France, disappoints the hopes aroused, and plunges our international bimetallists into the depths of despair. Was confiding innocence ever so unkindly treated?

The Republican platform of 1896, while so skilfully drawn as to satisfy the most extreme monometallist and at the same time delight the international bimetallist with the phantom of foreign aid, was, in fact, nothing more or less than an acknowledgment of subserviency to European dictation. The restoration of bimetallism in the United States was by that platform made expressly dependent upon the will of foreign nations, and the duration of the gold standard in the United States was left entirely to the decision of foreign nations. The platform pledged the party to oppose "the free coinage of silver, *except by international agreement with the leading commercial nations of the world*" (which the party promised to promote); and then concluded, "*until such agreement can be obtained the existing gold standard must be preserved.*"

So far as I have been able to learn, this is the first American platform to declare it necessary for the United States to have a financial policy identical with that of other nations.

It was said that the triumph of that platform would put an end to any further discussion of the money question and revive prosperity by restoring confidence. It seems, however, that Argonaut Gage continues his search for the golden fleece and is advising Congress that something must be done "to commit the country more thoroughly to the gold standard," in order to "strengthen the credit of the United States both at home and *abroad.*" The Secretary is still endeavoring to conciliate foreign financiers.

Within the last few months several American citizens have announced, upon their return from Europe, that confidence in our securities cannot be fully restored until we retire all government paper and substitute National-Bank notes.

Thus it will be seen that European opinion is continually at work shaping the conduct of an influential portion of our country. When it is remembered that the failure of our commission to secure international bimetallism was largely due to a protest signed by the London bankers, it becomes evident that the financial policy of seventy millions of American citizens is being determined by a handful of persons who owe no allegiance to our government and have no sympathy with

our institutions. If this domination is due to the fact that the American people do not realize the manner in which their political independence is slipping from them, the danger will be overcome by the spread of intelligence; but if it is due to actual inability upon the part of the American people to control their own affairs, then, instead of being a nation, we are but a province.

Foreign influence has not only contaminated those whose ears are habitually turned to receive instructions from across the ocean, but it has been directed toward the fears rather than toward the reason or conscience of the people. When foreign financiers have found themselves unable to defend an appreciating dollar; when they have recognized their inability to prove the gold standard a wise standard, they have threatened to visit a panic upon the United States if our people are guilty of the presumptuous sin of independence. This threat, operating first upon the money magnates of the metropolis, then upon the smaller bankers throughout the nation, then upon merchants and manufacturers, and, finally, upon the army of wage-earners, has been a potent influence in our elections. Will anyone defend foreign influence thus exerted upon the destinies of our republic? Most of these financiers live under governments quite unlike ours. With us, governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed; in Europe most of the people still hold to the doctrine that supreme power descends from the throne, and that the throne should descend from parent to child. The difference between these two ideas of government is so radical that those who believe in the former idea cannot safely entrust political questions to persons who hold to the latter.

No European nation boasts of its willingness to allow its policy upon financial questions, or, indeed, upon any other questions, to be determined by the people of the United States; any party that would advocate such a doctrine in any European nation would be held up to public scorn and contempt; and yet there are many eminently respectable citizens in the United States who assert the helplessness of the American people to restore bimetallism, however much they may desire it, without an international agreement.

But the European money-changer is not the only foreigner who is exerting an influence upon American politics. Foreigners hold a large amount of stock in our railroads and other corporations. A share of stock held abroad is equal in voting power to a share of stock held in this country. When a majority of the stock is owned abroad the foreign holders are able to choose the directors and, through the directors, to select the officials and other employees of the corporation. If a president of a railroad or other corporation owes his elevation to foreign stockholders, is he not apt to be influenced by them? And, if influenced by them, is he not likely to transmit that influence to his subordinates? May he not become so engrossed in his work as to overlook the injury which he is doing to his country?

If foreigners continue to invest in American securities, and their interest in our politics grows with their investments, is it not possible that a time may come, if it has not already arrived, when foreign influence may be sufficient to decide elections, and ultimately to mould our institutions to conform to European ideals?

Washington, in his farewell address, said: "Against the insidious wiles of foreign influence (I conjure you to believe me, fellow citizens) the jealousy of a free people ought to be constantly awake; since history and experience prove that foreign influence is one of the most baneful foes of republican government."

Has the name of Washington lost its charm? Was he a demagogue, seeking to play upon the passions and prejudices of his countrymen? Or has his advice, wise when it was spoken, become folly now? Has the struggle for the almighty dollar become so intense as to obscure the lofty purpose of our forefathers to establish upon the Western Hemisphere a government "dedicated to the doctrine that all men are created equal"?

THE WAY UPWARD.

BY HON. GEO. FRED. WILLIAMS.

THE downward path of industry is hard. The muscle and the genius of man struggle against it. At the foot lie all the ills. Periods of business depression have ever brought physical misery, unhappiness, and moral decadence. Pauperism, crime, and tyranny do not flourish in the warm rays of prosperity. Liberty weakens when freemen are discouraged and desperate. It is, therefore, the first function of the statesman to set industry on the upward way; nor can the philanthropist or moralist progress in well-doing while mankind languishes.

For five years our country has been in industrial straits. There is no one who does not desire a reversal of these conditions, and any man or party which in good faith assigns a cause and suggests a remedy is entitled not only to respectful but to eager hearing from suffering men. It behooves freemen who decide their own political policy to inquire of statesmen whether they have truly prophesied in the past in order that the value of their present prophecies may be rightly weighed. Statesmen themselves are bound to account to those who have trusted in their diagnosis of our industrial disease. The sufferers ought not to trust the physician whose remedies have aggravated the disease.

This is the same land in which from 1850 to 1870 the cottages of the workmen increased in number, the farmer's acres brought him annual increase of wealth, and our population flourished even during the terrible years of civil war. For the last twenty-five years the sun has shone, the earth has been as fertile, and the waters have fallen, but year by year productive activity has yielded to the laborer less and less of the fruits of industry, until in 1898 two conditions confront us which vie with each other in their malevolent promise. First, the masses of the producers of the land are disheartened and poor; secondly, enormous aggregations of capital are taking

possession of the industrial properties of the land. Labor languishes while capital is supreme. The more wealth, the more poverty—an unholy paradox.

Within the last month the wages in the cotton factories of New England, already pitiably small, have been cut ten per cent. Also, in the same month, the milk trust of New York was organized with a capital of fifteen million dollars; the International Paper Company was organized with a capital of fifty million dollars; the coal-dealing trust was announced which is to combine all the great coal properties of the East; enamel-ware manufacturers capitalized a combination at twenty-five million dollars; and the American Steel and Wire Company started with a capital of eighty-seven millions of dollars. In our factory towns in New England gaunt hands are raised in prayer for pennies, while capital gathers the properties of the land with endless millions. The masses grow weaker, while the strong are massing. In this terrible divergence the props of our republican institutions are spreading. The strength of our whole superstructure rests upon the fair distribution of wealth and the equal opportunity of all men to obtain the just reward of their toil. Surely here is cause enough to alarm and to inspire the reformer and the patriot. Our republic can no more bear the rule of oligarchy than it can endure the exactions of the despot.

There is one party in our country which looks with favor upon the supremacy of capital, and has no word in its platform to admit or to deprecate the misfortune of the developments referred to. It is the Republican party, which still beseeches the people to believe that these conditions are only temporary, and that its policy will revive industry and satisfy the suffering. During the depression of the last five years, a Democratic administration has not differed in one respect from the policy which is now declared by the Republican party to be of supreme, and indeed, exclusive importance. The administration of President Cleveland was conducted in support of the gold standard, and the administration of President McKinley follows strictly in this path. They must, therefore, stand together in their accountability.

In testing their judgment we find that both have run vainly

from one excuse to the other up to the present day. In 1893, when gold was fast leaving the country, the Sherman Act was repealed for the express purpose of stopping the drain, and thereby, as was confidently asserted, restoring prosperity. The repeal of the Sherman Act was an absolute failure. Bond sales were then resorted to for the same purpose of stopping the exportation of gold. A debt amounting in principal and interest to \$500,000,000 was incurred, and still the exports of gold continued and the depression increased. In 1896 the Republican party attributed the depression to the ascendancy of the Democracy, and asserted that its dethronement would restore confidence. The Republican party was placed in power, but the depression was not lifted an inch. It was then explained that the Democratic tariff burdened the country; a rank protective measure was passed without Democratic opposition, but not a ray of sunlight entered our dreary house. We now find the gold-standard followers of President Cleveland and President McKinley, the mistaken prophets of the past, combined in recommending for relief a new and radical policy, which was not suggested in any previous political contest. The people are now asked to retire the notes of the government and to turn over to the national banks the whole power of regulating the monetary supply of the country. The gold standard has accompanied, if it has not led us through the industrial carnage of the last five years, and yet the Secretary of the Treasury opens his address to Congress with the avowal that he wishes "to commit the country more thoroughly to the gold standard." It would seem that the *Financial Reformer* of Liverpool is not far astray when it says, "If there is a country in the whole world where the ruling powers seem desirous of causing a social revolution it is the United States."

On the other side stands a party which for twenty-five years has returned a majority of its representatives to Congress, to insist that the gold standard has produced the distressing results with which the country is now afflicted. From 1877 down to the present day, the *Congressional Record* abounds in Democratic assurances that each year would bring added calamity unless the equal coinage of both metals, which pre-

vailed down to the year 1873, should be restored to our monetary system.

While this policy did not for many years prevail in a National Convention, at last, in 1896, the will of the majority did prevail, and the issue was squarely presented to the country. The Democracy did not secure a majority in the electoral college, but at this moment the party is eagerly looking forward to the campaign of 1900, without a thought of swerving from its platform adopted at Chicago in 1896. A year of Republican administration has utterly failed to bring relief, and it is now the single duty of the voter to decide between the certain policies of the two great parties, one of which must prevail at the beginning of the new century.

It is satisfying to note that the discussion of these issues is coming rapidly to a focus. In the bimetallic press and the addresses of the bimetallic leaders the non-essentials have been sloughed off, and there remains the single vital argument on *prices*.

The money issue is an issue of prices. The economic distress is due to prices, and the social crisis arises from prices. As the prosperity in the third quarter of our century was attended with rising prices, so the path downward to bankruptcy and depression has known only falling prices. In but two years since 1874 have prices risen above the level of the previous year. While there is no one so bold as to assert that falling prices can possibly be of benefit to civilized society, there are few who appreciate how mighty are their influences upon human kind. It is not extravagant to say that they may turn civilization to decay.

The mightiest of all problems, the distribution of wealth, turns upon this question of prices. If honest men who are looking eagerly for the dire cause and for relief could but understand, or would but try to understand, the vital relation of prices to their prosperity, the demagogue who cries out for the nation's "honor" would not succeed in branding those as demagogues who condescend to the plane of humanity and seek to rescue their fellow men from misery. False cries, false prophecies, trifling issues, have prevailed too long; suffering humanity now demands relief and will have the

truth. The arguments upon this question may be elementary and trite; but we are teaching. It is time now that we caused the business man to understand that which he is beginning to feel.

One cannot realize the far-reaching effect of falling and rising prices upon debtor and creditor without figures. Assume a farm, raising 2,000 bushels of wheat, to be worth \$6,500 and mortgaged for \$5,000 at six per cent, and that the cost of raising the wheat be \$1,250. At \$1 per bushel, the wheat, less the debt (interest), is worth \$1,700; a profit of \$450 for the year. At \$0.75 per bushel the wheat less the debt is worth \$1,200; a loss of \$50 for the year's work. At \$1.25 per bushel the wheat less the debt is worth \$2,200; a profit of \$950. At \$0.75 and \$1.25 per bushel the creditor receives for the annual interest 400 and 240 bushels respectively, a difference of 160 bushels, or more than one-half the entire annual interest at \$1.00 a bushel. At \$0.75 per bushel the debtor in the year loses \$50; at \$1.25 per bushel he gains \$950, the difference between ruin and prosperity.

If the farm fall in value 25 per cent, it will not pay the mortgage; if it rise 25 per cent, the equity will be worth \$3,125, or be doubled in value. If wheat fall 25 per cent, it will take the whole crop for 3 1-3 years to pay the mortgage; if wheat rise 25 per cent, two years' crop will pay the mortgage. The Eastern investors who have lost by the collapse of Western mortgage securities should realize that falling prices and not lack of the farmer's thrift and industry have brought the ruin; nor can the farming properties be made valuable again except through a rise of prices.

But in discussing the question of falling prices we are dealing not with one commodity, but with all goods and properties. Wheat may in a single year fall or rise from temporary causes; political economy deals with the general range of the prices of all the great staples. In dealing with the facts in this regard we fortunately cannot be contradicted. For many decades scientific men have taken careful measure of current prices of commodities, month by month. Tables have been kept by different methods, but all show substantially the same results, so that their conclusions are undeniable. The system

of obtaining the average variations in price by index numbers is no device of silver advocates. It was first brought to perfection by Prof. Jevons in order to estimate accurately the depreciation of gold by the Australian and Californian discoveries. It is not denied that since 1874 the progress of prices has been steadily downward, and with the fall of commodities the prices of properties which produce them have likewise fallen. Farms and factories have gone down with the goods they produce. In the case of the individual it is apparent even to a superficial observer what the result of falling prices must be. The merchant who at the end of a season carries a stock which has fallen in price is a loser, not a gainer.

It is, however, in the liquidation of debt that the consequences become most serious. If there be a mortgage upon the farm the interest and principal must be paid from the products of the farm. If these fall steadily in price no one can dispute that each year will demand more and more of the fruits of industry to liquidate the indebtedness. If the farm itself shall fall in value to the amount of the mortgage it is clear that the farm must be lost to him who has tilled it. The same is true of the manufacturer, and the owner of stock in railroads. If the property fall to the mortgage margin the moneylender is entitled to the property, and the productive forces are deprived of possession. If the inquirer will but consider the inevitable consequences to the individual debtor he may be able then to understand the terrible results of a general fall in the last twenty-five years, which undeniably amounts to 40 per cent. Such a fall brings the value of properties below the average limit of equities of redemption. When it is understood that the mortgage margin was reached in the panic of 1893, and that since then prices have gone downward with terrible rapidity, the business man should not be surprised that railroads have been transferred to the hands of bondholders, that farms have passed under the flag of the auctioneer, and that industrial properties are now being gathered up at bankrupt prices by great capitalistic syndicates. It is, in short, a period of bankruptcy and liquidation through which we are passing, and who can deny that it is depriving the industrial forces of the country of their nerve and muscle?

It is thus that the fair distribution of wealth is being perverted; taking from the hands of the toilers, and giving to the creditor unfair and inhuman advantage.

The great problem we are now facing is the impoverishment of industry, with which the poverty of the masses must go hand in hand. It was not always thus, and the change must have a cause. The United States Secretary of Agriculture reported three years ago that wheat was then raised in this country at a net loss of \$5.00 per acre. In October last a mob in Rome committed violence because it held the king responsible for the ruin of agriculture and general industry in Italy. In France and Germany the agricultural reports show the general prostration of agricultural industry. Last summer a report was published from a royal commission appointed by the Queen of Great Britain to inquire into the depression of agriculture in England. The commission found that the arable lands of Great Britain fell between 1875 and 1895 from eighteen millions to sixteen millions of acres, while pasture land increased from thirteen millions to sixteen millions of acres. It also found that the capital value of agricultural lands declined from 1875 to 1894 fifty per cent, or, stated in figures, \$4,175,000,000. This amount exceeds one-half of the total coined money of the world, yet no one of the fourteen commissioners dissented from the statement. M. Méline, Minister of Agriculture of France, last November in the Chamber of Deputies said: "We thus reach the alarming conclusion that in fifteen years the total receipts of agriculture in France fell half a billion of francs." He then asks the question, which applies even more forcibly to the English figures than to his own: "What industry could face such a situation without drifting into bankruptcy?" The royal commission agreed that the agricultural depression in Great Britain has been due to the constant fall in the prices of agricultural products. The commissioners assert that "Any further fall would assuredly result in a condition of general ruin and disaster, which we cannot contemplate without dismay." M. Méline refers the depression of agriculture in France to the "progressive depression of all products of the soil, without exception, during the last twenty years." He

adds: "There can be found in all epochs periods of decline in the value of land produce, but now for the first time, I believe, the world witnesses a prolonged crisis affecting all agricultural products."

Now, let our farmer, and our cotton planter, and our weaver put their heads together and study all this. The Englishman and the Frenchman are in the same plight. True, the agricultural commission did not report on cotton-weaving, but if the weaver will read the *Manchester Guardian* he will find that the Lancashire cotton manufacturers are in as bad a plight as those of Fall River, Lowell, and New Bedford. It ought not to need argument to show that while the great farming population of the civilized world is thus impoverished, the weavers must soon be out of work or working at reduced wages. It is painfully yet triumphantly that the cotton-workers of New England are asked to review the prophecies made from the Democratic platform in 1896 of the inevitable collapse of New-England industries under the general impoverishment of their customers.

If the honest man will leave his politics for a while he can realize what twenty years of falling prices mean. They spell "ruin." Business men who let their bankers think for them should begin to use their own wits. The results ought to be apparent; we can now study causes.

The advocates of bimetallism have for twenty-five years insisted that there is a great fundamental law which underlies the whole misery of the present. It is a law which everyone has learned from school days, viz., the law of supply and demand. No one denies that if wheat is over-supplied its value will fall; if the supply is short the value will rise. So, if the demand falls, the value falls; if demand rises, the value rises.

Now, men of business, you reach the *pons asinorum*; if you can read the next chapter you need not fear the whole book. Apply this same law to money and you have discovered the final truth. Money, like all things else, rises with scarcity and falls with plenty, and the far-reaching results of a rise or fall of money are due to the fact that humanity has accepted money as a measure of all the commodities and prop-

erties of the world, and an increase or decrease of that measure affects everything which is bought or sold by humankind. Money names all values. You have chosen it to denominate the standing in the market of all goods and properties. You go over the market returns to find, not how much wheat you can buy with so much wool or cotton, but how much of everything you can buy with a dollar. Better stated, you look to find how many dollars your goods will buy to-day. If, then, every merchant is looking for dollars in exchange for his goods, is it of no importance how many dollars are to be had? If you will not trust the politician, the economist may at least have respectful consideration. It may be safely asserted that not a respectable economist in the civilized world to-day denies that the dollar varies in its value. General Francis A. Walker, whose memory is revered in Boston, and, indeed, in the whole world, says very simply:

We have spoken of reducing the value of money as equivalent to raising prices, and of enhancing the value of money as equivalent to lowering prices. This is manifest enough to anyone who thinks of the matter.

Now, let us "think of the matter": to raise the value of money is to lower prices. Prices of what? All prices; the prices of all goods is what General Walker means. If, then, we find the prices of all goods falling, and if General Walker is right, we may, indeed must, search for the cause in *the rise of the value of money*; and if we will but apply the inevitable law we shall find that money rises in value with scarcity and falls with plenty.

Men not acquainted with the laws of political economy dismiss the question of prices with the assertion that improved facilities of production have caused the fall in prices, but a second thought must convince that not *all* commodities can rise and fall in value from such cause, for many of them are not subject to improvements in method; and yet the problem with which we have to deal is that of a general fall in the prices of all the staples of trade. If wool and wheat rise because of supply and demand they do not materially affect the value of tobacco or leather; cattle do not gain value in the market because iron is scarce. No cause can be conceived which will bring down the value of all goods together. Leave

money out of the problem and it will be found that matters stand about where they did twenty years ago. It is true wheat is cheaper, transportation is cheaper, leather, corn, and iron are cheaper; there is no exception; but *among themselves* these commodities exchange much as they did before. Here comes the plain truth, which so few understand, but which unlocks the whole difficulty. Values of commodities have not changed greatly, but their prices have fallen over 40 per cent. Value is the power of a commodity in exchange with other commodities; price is the value measured by money. In 1874 cotton brought 18 cents a pound and fine wool 55 cents a pound. In 1896 cotton brought six cents a pound and fine wool 18 cents a pound. In both years three pounds of cotton would buy one pound of fine wool; but the price has gone down two-thirds in each case.

The report of the British commission on the depression of agriculture shows that in the three-year period ending in 1877 the price of British wheat was 49 shillings per quarter, in 1895 it was 24 shillings per quarter. In the same two periods Lincoln wool sold at 19 pence and nine pence per pound. In both periods 31 pounds of wool would buy a quarter of wheat, but the price of both has fallen over 50 per cent. It is clear enough that the cost of raising wool and wheat in England was not twice as great in 1877 as it was in 1895, nor could cotton be raised in 1896 three times as cheaply as in 1874. As already mentioned above, the capital value of land in England fell in this same period fifty per cent; it is not greatly different with farm lands in the United States; but invention does not create farms, nor do railroads carry them.

The solution of all this is so plain and easy that honest men ought not to differ about it, and, indeed, one of the most significant results of honest thought appears in the report of this royal British commission. Its members were appointed as experts in agriculture, and without thought that they would deal with the money question, yet ten out of the fourteen, including two members of the English cabinet, decided after three years of investigation that all other remedies were hopeless, and that the agriculture of England could not be revived unless the baneful effects of the single gold standard were

removed from the world's industry. Their final recommendation was that the English government should do all in its power *to restore silver to the coinage of nations*, and thus prevent the disastrous fall in prices which has brought England's agriculture to the verge of ruin. Yet how insignificant is England's agriculture as compared with ours!

It is perfectly apparent that the thing which we have taken to measure value has itself risen in value, and that thing is money. It was the greatest of English gold monometallists, Sir Robert Giffen, who, as a member of the royal British commission, rebuked some of his associates in these words:

It is a great misfortune that some monometallists still refuse to recognize the general fall in prices in the last quarter of a century as being an appreciation of gold, and as being explained by a contraction of gold which commenced about the year 1873.

It is at this point that we encounter another closed door in the thought process of the average business man. He produces his gold pocket-piece with the statement that it is the same dollar in 1898 as it was in 1874 when he received it; a dollar unchanged and unchangeable. This same man is very likely begging his bank not to reduce his line of credit after his profits and assets have fallen year by year to the point where his credit is doubtful. He does not recognize that his assets are as valuable as ever save that the dollar which measures them has changed.

A simple object-lesson upon so important an error needs no apology. Let us assume that the dollars which are to measure commodities are five (instead of eight thousand millions), and that the commodities to be measured are five. The price of each commodity is then one dollar. Take away one dollar; those which remain are the same dollars in appearance and weight as before. We do not see any change as long as we gaze on the dollars. Now, however, measure the commodities again; they measure four dollars instead of five, and the price of each commodity is eighty cents. By reducing the amount of money one-fifth the prices of all the commodities have been reduced one-fifth. Which, let it in candor be asked, have changed, the dollars or the commodities? It was such a

change as this which Sir Robert Giffen denounced prophetically in 1879 in these words:

A large and sudden abstraction from the money of a country would be potent for mischief. The rich would become enormously richer and the poor enormously poorer. Debtors would be ruined all round. Discredit would become such, that for a time the business of such a community would almost be entirely stopped.

But, to get even nearer the present situation, let us conceive that the dollars remain the same, but through increase of population and production another commodity is added. In other words, the same number of dollars is called upon to measure six commodities instead of five. The money price of each becomes 83 cents instead of \$1.00. In other words, if added value is given to money, it finds expression in the fall of commodity prices.

Sir Robert Giffen covers the case thus:

An insufficient supply of the precious metals for current wants, that is, for wear and tear, increase of population and wealth, leads to a fall in prices;—and I desire this to be assumed.

If all goods are falling, it is plain that money is rising, or, to use the current phrase, "appreciating."

To illustrate the effect of appreciating money upon the debtor, let us assume that the owners of the five commodities, for the purpose of increasing production, borrow four of the five dollars. At the time of borrowing, four of the commodities represent the debt. If the money-owners should then destroy the remaining dollar the prices of all five of the commodities would fall to four dollars, and all five commodities would be payable for the debt. Thus the creditor, by throwing away a dollar, is richer in goods than he was before. Surely this is unjust, and it must be clear that decreasing the monetary fund has confiscated the debtor's property. It is equally clear that if all the five dollars should be loaned to the commodity-owners and they should then increase their commodities to six, the six would measure the same in dollars as did the five before, and all six must be delivered up in payment of the five-dollar debt.

The greatest authority on monetary science, Ricardo, makes this statement: "That commodities will rise or fall in pro-

portion to the increase or diminution of money I assume as a fact that is incontrovertible." Hume, Mill, Goschen, Giffen, Jevons, Bagehot, and indeed all reputable economists admit this law. Outside of American politics it would be considered disreputable to deny so plain a truth. It is equally undeniable that a stable monetary fund works equal injustice if the use to which it is put increases. (As the creditor gains a dollar by destroying a dollar, so he gains with every increase in production and population, if no addition is made in money to correspond. The motive, then, of the creditor class would be to prevent the increase of money. The money of the world is not only fully loaned, but loaned more than once in the form of credit. If the creditor can maintain the monetary fund stable while the debtor increases products, the creditor can take the increased product if not also something in addition. Thus the debtor gains nothing by producing; the creditor takes it. We speak of this nowadays in the phrase, "The rich are getting richer, the poor poorer." It is no dream, but a reality, yet some honest men still insist that the dollar does not change. Think, honest citizen, whether you may not be helping to rob the debtor and wreck honest producers while you gaze at the "unchangeable" dollar. This same dollar is, be assured, the most potent instrument for wrong which civilization furnishes. It can and does change, and change terribly, but you must look at the price lists and not at the dollar.

Now, to come out of illustration to reality. The money which humankind has selected to measure our wealth is made of gold and silver. It has served well, because nature has provided a fairly steady annual increase from the mines to keep pace with growing population and trade. The creditor class has tried from time to time to discredit one metal or the other, but with no substantial success until twenty-five years ago. At that time, whether through carelessness, bad judgment, or bad purpose is not here material, silver was denied coinage by the mints of the great Christian nations. For twenty years preceding there had been produced nearly \$200,000,000 annually of gold and silver. Prices had steadily risen; a period of unexampled prosperity had been enjoyed. Great inventions had brought men into closer communication,

and increased wonderfully the productive activity of mankind. At the end of this period, a constantly growing annual increase of money was necessary to meet the wants of humanity. It was then that the burden of trade was thrown upon gold alone. The mines produced but \$120,000,000 a year, most of which was annually used in the arts. Some economists claim that the arts have absorbed it all. The swelling population of the Christian world, with its railroads, its steamships, and its telegraph, has for twenty-five years depended upon this pitiable supply, when between 1850 and 1860 the mines were furnishing \$180,000,000 annually to the comparatively small wants of that decade. Immediately the prosperous conditions of the previous generation were reversed. Prices began to fall and continued to fall throughout the gold-using lands. At the end of twenty-five years agriculture has been ruined, industrial activity is in suspense, poverty has increased, bankruptcies have multiplied, and the properties of industry are passing into the hands of the creditor. These conditions are true of every gold-using country. The question is, therefore, international and not local.

The dollar which has brought about these terrible results is the gold dollar. Instead of being an honest dollar it is the most inhuman, cruel, murderous dollar which any quarter of a century in the world's history has produced. It is not only dishonest, but it is unchristian and hateful. It is called by those who make phrases to mislead men "sound money," whereas it is as unsound as any money which the ingenuity of man has devised. It draws blood from the starving; it ruins the honest toiler; it fills almshouses and loads up prisons. Its awful tyranny is worse than that of any despot who ever reigned; yet there are those, honest men too, who, out of their ignorance, are calling upon the opponents of this dollar to attack the trusts, or lower the tariff, or do some pitiable thing while this awful process is wresting food from the mouths of the toilers of the world!

It is time now for patriots to inquire whether they are not being hoodwinked by those who have a motive to gather to themselves, by mere law and without toil, the fruits of the world's industry. It is time to enter a protest against false

morality. Our civilization itself needs defence when honest men are starving. Society is barbarous until every honest man can get his living without dishonest customs. The coiners of phrases have had matters too much their own way. Let the truth be known. Those who advocate the free coinage of silver are not repudiators; they are not dishonest; they are not immoral. Those who stand for the gold dollar are not robbers if they do not understand, but those who must give up to them are none the less robbed.

There are those who know full well the results of an appreciating money, and these men are the most wicked, rapacious, and ungodly who have ever dared to call themselves respectable among men; yet these very men spread out their phylacteries and declare the laws of morality. They own the press; they govern the university chairs; they even speak through the pulpit; they hold the instruments for social torture. So far do they govern public opinion that it would now seem as if there were no honesty which the capitalist does not approve.

This state of affairs cannot last forever. The debtor is a factor in the problem of justice as well as the creditor. No one questions the right of the manufacturer to cut down wages if his dividend is threatened; but is it "moral" to maintain the dividend and cut down wages? By what law? Or is it, rather, morality to maintain the wage and cut down the dividend? The wage is the return to labor for producing; the dividend is the return to the drone for not laboring. In the university of man it should not be taught that labor which produces all shall take the burden of falling prices, while capital, which works not at all, shall bear none.

So respecting the payment of debt a wicked morality is in vogue. Money is defined by an extreme gold monometalist, Dr. Macleod, as "A right, or title, to demand a product or service from some one else." If the product, or service, be ten, is it not robbery to demand eleven? Yet falling prices mean more product and more service than were due when the debt was contracted. If I hold a thousand dollars as a demand on the products and service of my fellowmen, the law which allows ten per cent of products and services

to be added in the payment ten years hence is immoral and outrageous.

It will not be long before suffering humanity will understand these tricks of words and phrases, and see that they have been led to their own ruin by accepting the false morality which their despoilers have declared. They will soon tear down that morality which insists that to increase the value of money and ruin industry, to bring bankruptcy and starvation, is proper and just, while to decrease the value of money and lift up industry and suffering man is repudiation and dishonor. They will inquire how it is that lowering prices is honorable, while it is dishonest to raise them.

When not long ago a syndicate of bankers purchased bonds of the government it offered to pay a higher price if the bonds were made payable in gold instead of coin (gold and silver). The offer was refused, and the bonds were issued payable in coin. The bargain was thus clearly defined; yet within a few days a Senator from New York has been publicly censured by the State legislature for voting that it is not dishonorable to pay these bonds in silver and gold. In point of fact it would have been utterly immoral for this Senator to have voted away the option for which the taxpayers paid a premium of several millions of dollars. That such censure of a representative for the performance of his duty to the people should pass for a high morality is a sad commentary upon the power of wealth over the code of ethics. It is such morality which enables a leading gold-standard newspaper to refer to the Lattimer tragedy as "an unfortunate incident in the maintenance of the law."

The argument of "the 50-cent dollar" has gained the adherence to the gold cause of many honest men; this is another phrase which capital has coined to coax the people into the shambles. But as it is effective in politics it must be considered seriously.

Capital is very sensitive when an increase of money is threatened; and has only praise when a decrease is proposed. Tooke's great book, "The History of Prices," was written after the discoveries of gold in Australia and California, to assure capital that the added supply of money would not raise

prices at a bound. Capital was then proposing to demonetize gold, because of its plentifulness. It failed, and prosperity came. But when the paper money of our government was destroyed by hundreds of millions after the war, capital unanimously approved; yet the ghastly wrecks from that contraction still rise above the sands. At the end of that terrible depression in the seventies, the silver dollar was restored to limited coinage. Since then the threat of its depreciation has been unremitting, yet no one has seen the day when it would not exchange for a gold dollar.

John Sherman, Secretary of the Treasury, in 1878 and 1879 began to prophesy, and opened the war on the silver dollar, which every Secretary of the Treasury has continued since. Mr. Sherman allowed that silver dollars would serve to pay customs dues and provide for small payments, but if issued in excess of such demand "they will at once tend to displace gold and become the sole standard." He fixed the safety limit at \$50,000,000, and asked Congress to confine the coinage to that amount. The prophecy resulted thus: in the next eleven years 330,000,000 of silver dollars were coined and the imports of gold exceeded the exports by \$225,000,000. President Cleveland in both administrations made like attempts to discredit the silver dollar. Up to 1893 \$420,000,000 had been coined, and yet in the panic of that year silver certificates and silver dollars were at a premium!

The astonishing fact is, that if the silver dollar were a 50-cent dollar it would be honest, and it is now dishonest only because it holds its value equal to the gold dollar. This is no mere brave phrase; the facts justify the statement, as can be proved. All admit that the perfect, the "honest" dollar will measure the same all the time. In other words, a dollar which does not gain or lose in value, will hold prices continuously stable.

Let no man sneeringly or lightly pass by the great fact, which is now stated, namely, that from 1874 to 1893 silver at its bullion value has been nearly a perfect measure of values. In this period gold prices of commodities fell (by index numbers) from 102 to 68, or just one-third. In this period silver fell from 95.8 to 65.4, or 32 per cent. Had

prices of commodities been measured by silver bullion, there would have been a fall of less than two per cent in these nineteen years. No more honest dollar ever existed than this depreciated silver bullion would have made. The gold dollar was more dishonest than a coin had ever been before.

While silver had fallen almost step by step with commodities during this period, in 1893 the cruel blows were struck in India and the United States, which "broke the gauge" between commodity and silver prices. Were silver bullion now to measure commodities they would have risen 31 per cent from the prices of 1892. Such a rise would not, of course, be fair to the creditor, who has to bear the burden of rising prices. In this same period, since 1892, the gold prices of commodities have fallen 15 per cent, to the debtor's terrible burden.

No really sane man questions that the opening of the mints of the United States to the free coinage of silver would raise the price of bar silver at least to 87 cents an ounce, its level in 1892. On that level it is again an honest dollar according to the standard of prices which prevailed when first the mint laws were changed for the creditor's gain.

But it is complained that to restore the price levels of 1873 would be unjust to those creditors whose loans have been made more recently on a lower price basis. This claim is just; the error lies in the assumption that the free coinage of silver by the United States would at once make a drastic change in the price level.

It is unfortunately impossible within the limits of this article to deal fully with the probable effects of the free coinage of silver on prices; a whole article would not suffice for it. But this subject strikes men's minds in two phases: first, the phenomenon of a gold premium; secondly, the effect on the price range. Men speak loosely of a gold premium, but any opinion is worthy of respectful treatment, because the question we are considering is absolutely new in the world's history. We cannot afford to dogmatize, for we are on debatable ground; yet we may appeal to reason.

Upon the passage of a law for the free coinage of silver, let us assume that the bankers can bring about a temporary

premium on gold. What will be the result? Gold, of course, will not be used in payment of debt. Whether it be hoarded or sent abroad, the result will be contraction. Contraction will make the existing monetary fund more valuable than it is now. It is claimed by the U. S. Treasury officials that one-third of our total money in circulation is gold. If the banking and commerce of the country be thrown upon two-thirds of the present fund, so enormous would be the contraction that the rise in its value would be enormous. It is inconceivable that the gold premium could prevail against the demand for other money, no matter what its character, if it could only pay debt. In other words, gold would be drawn irresistibly into circulation at par with other money; the premium would disappear.

Relief could come from only one other source, silver. But where is the silver to fill the gap? There is none in the market; the annual output has been absorbed every year, no matter what its price has been. This bugbear of a flood of silver need not be feared. If gold should disappear, as some claim it would, we should be praying for silver, which would not come. If gold stays and does money work, then it will have no premium; in other words, the silver dollar will be equal to the gold dollar. That is bimetallism established.

Those who talk of a gold premium do not consider how much this country is overbanked, when credits are compared with the specie or redemption fund. To take out the gold fund from current work would bankrupt all the banks in the United States. They are top-heavy with credits, and the alarm at the gold exports in the early nineties was due to this fact. When the Barings failed, £3,000,000 imported from France saved England from a panic. So great a part does a little metallic money play. To talk of \$500,000,000 in gold leaving the country or going to a premium, both of which conditions would have like effect, is ill-considered, to say the least.

Many believe that Europe would flood us with silver; but Europe is a steady buyer of silver for coinage. No one can be found who claims that any nation in Europe has more metallic money than it needs. We run into paradoxes when

we test such a theory. Europe's coinage is at the ratio of 15½ to 1. There is a loss then in selling silver to us at coinage rates; three cents on the dollar. As silver already coined in European countries is as efficient as gold, why should they incur a loss of three cents on the dollar in exchanging it for gold? But in this estimate we are assuming that silver is at par with gold. Suppose now that gold is at a premium; then the sacrifice of European nations in sending silver to us will clearly be three cents on the dollar plus the gold premium. As silver coins are doing as well as gold in all the countries, in the name of fair reason where is the motive to replace it with gold at a heavy loss?

The only theory on which any imports of silver are conceivable is that of parity of the metals in our market. If there is parity our end is accomplished, and whether we have silver or gold will make no more difference with us than it made with France when endless millions of gold poured into her vaults in the fifties, in exchange for silver at the fixed ratio.

The mere willingness of France to make the exchange held the ratio firmly when the output of gold was quadrupled in four years. Yet we are stronger in population, wealth, and banking power than was the whole Latin Union, and can absorb silver by the hundreds of millions only to our gain.

Few realize how poor we are in metallic money. Were we to have the metallic basis of France, \$200,000,000 a year would have to be added for six years. By reason of the strong metallic basis France is in the soundest monetary condition of any country in the world. It is inconceivable that we could secure for coinage more than a hundred millions of dollars in silver a year. And we could use that amount to strengthen ourselves and our monetary system.

It is highly probable that all the terrors of free coinage will culminate like Secretary Sherman's awful prophecies in 1878. But with silver restored we shall have broken up the gold monopoly, and with the annual supply of both metals from the mines, some measure of steadiness in prices will be attained. Whether there will be much rise is doubtful, but

the fall will be stopped. Then prosperity will be *possible*; it is now *impossible*.

We do not realize our power as a nation. England had only to hear Olney's "No," and her grip loosened from Venezuela. England is now holding the world in the grip of the gold standard, and our "No" will free us and the whole world. We send \$500,000,000 in goods to pay our debt to England at gold prices; these very goods should pay a debt of \$1,000,000,000. By halving the prices of her debtor's goods through the gold standard, England has doubled her income; otherwise expressed, she gets twice as many goods for her debts as she has honest title to.

We, poor fools, go on paying 100 per cent of tribute, and when Wall Street orders her statesmen to shout "national honor," "sound money," "repudiation," "anarchy," etc., we tremblingly return to the work of digging out enough to pay double next year, thanking heaven that we are honest. Alas, it is not even honest; when the debtor fails, suffers, starves under such a process, honesty has become oppression, inhuman, no longer a virtue.

We can well afford to argue exhaustively the question what will be the effect of the free coinage of silver upon silver itself. Here honest men may differ, but ignorance is the greatest obstacle to reason. Hitherto, since 1873, the governments of the earth have only been purchasers of silver at market rates. Their purchases were only effective as an additional demand, and governments had no more influence relatively to their purchases than did the silversmiths. The United States silver-purchase acts of 1878 and 1890 did not place any value on silver, but defined the quantities to be purchased at current prices. On the other hand, the government undertakes to convert into a dollar 23.22 grains of gold. It is apparent that as long as the government makes this exchange of dollars for gold, 23.22 grains of gold cannot be worth less than a dollar. The government offers to purchase all gold at that price, and the price cannot fall.

Free coinage would put silver on the same basis: the government would agree to pay a dollar for every $371\frac{1}{4}$ grains of silver, and make a dollar out of the bullion, which shall be

equal with the gold dollar in the payment of debt. The difference between free coinage and limited silver purchases in their effect on the price of bullion is infinite.

There is not a silver dollar in circulation which is not equal to a gold dollar to-day. Why is this so, even when the bullion in the dollar is worth by gold measurement less than 50 cents? Clearly because of the debt-paying power. With free coinage the debt-paying power will not be changed.

But the value of money is regulated by the quantity and the work it has to do; free coinage will only change the quantity as it brings more silver to do money work. Experience proves that the world demands annually within a few million ounces of the largest recorded output.

The power of the United States to absorb silver was illustrated after the law of 1890, when 54,000,000 ounces were converted annually into dollars, and a great impetus was given to trade. The declared purpose of that act was to absorb the entire output of silver, in order to raise the price to the coinage rate. The confidence of the market in the accomplishment of this result by mere purchases of silver was shown by the rise in the price of silver between March and August, 1890, from 96 cents an ounce to \$1.21, or within eight cents of the coinage value. Immediately it became a subject of discussion, why bullion did not rise to the coinage rate. The Secretary of the Treasury and leading Republican Senators insisted that there were 13,000,000 ounces in the market which depressed the price, and that if this amount should be added to the government purchases, the parity of the metals would be established at the rate of 16 to 1. If these claims were true, free coinage would certainly have raised silver to par at the ratio of 16 to 1 with the addition of only 17,000,000 silver dollars to the coinage. Free coinage would also have taken care of the annual addition to the output, whereas a purchase law would have to be changed from time to time to take up the surplus.

The repeal of the Sherman Act and the closing of the Indian mints reduced the price of silver between May, 1893, and March, 1894, from 84 cents to 60 cents an ounce, a fall of 29 per cent. But India was a silver monometallic country,

and the United States only a purchaser at market rates: in fairness let it be asked, would not the price have risen from 84 cents to \$1.29 if the wealthiest nation of the world had offered to receive every ounce of silver, and coin it into dollars of equal debt-paying power with a gold dollar?

Secretary Gage has declared that the silver dollar must be redeemed in gold: this upon any theory could only be necessary if the bullion in the silver dollar were worth less than that in the gold dollar. If the Secretary is right, then the silver dollar must be a burden on the gold redemption fund almost equal to that of the whole issue of United States notes. We have incurred a debt of \$500,000,000 to keep our gold redemption fund from depletion. Not by the wildest reckoning could it have cost that much to hold silver up to the coinage value with a free-coinage law. When held at the parity silver and gold together will furnish money for note redemption, and the whole problem of our finance is solved. Those who are willing now to throw more millions into the bottomless pit of the gold standard should consider this.

Some honestly believe that the work of raising the price of silver bullion involves lifting the value of every silver coin in the world; but when silver rose 25 cents an ounce in 1890 no one thought that there was anything involved except the amount of bullion then in the market for sale. This was and is the fact; and free coinage has only to contend with the future output of the mines. As a fall in silver undoubtedly weakens the credit of silver money, and makes the gold fund more valuable, so a rise to the coinage rate will lift the whole burden from international credit and be a boon to the civilized world.

That we cannot ignore the great fabric of credit, as a factor in the money problem, is evident, and many believe that the metallic fund is so insignificant in comparison with the vast volume of credit, that it plays a small part. This is a radical error, as the very reverse is true. Credit adjusted to a given fund of redemption must remain substantially in that adjustment, except that credit may be lowered at the will of the banks, while they are powerless to raise it without danger. They are thus able to damage trade, but unable to help it.

Sir Robert Giffen has given his powerful opinion upon this point, which may well close the argument:

But the result of carrying on larger and larger transactions on a narrow basis of coin or bullion is to magnify the relative importance of changes in that article. It may be true, and I believe it true, that the bullion in a country under a given set of conditions is the final measure of prices in that country: that an addition to the quantity, or a reduction from it, distorts the equilibrium, and the balance is only set right again by the adjustment of prices.

The Democracy, with its issue of free coinage, makes no attack on capital, but merely asks from it justice to the debtor. With the addition to the coinage of the annual silver output to do the work of trade and commerce there will be no destructive rise in prices. Reason would indicate that the remonetization of silver will operate in the same degree upon prices as did the demonetization. Demonetization was accomplished from 1873 to 1877, yet the fall of prices was gradual, amounting up to 1880 to only 12 per cent.

In 1879 Sir Robert Giffen, discussing the rise in the value of gold, said: "Now we may witness a gradual increase in the burden of debts to the loss of the debtors, and the immediate advantage of creditors." That process has gone steadily on to the present day, and the Democracy proposes to reverse it.

The Democracy must now appeal, over the heads of the bankers, to the business men, who are suffering from a false system. Fairly and dispassionately we shall argue our cause, not heeding abuse and misrepresentation, because if we can rescue humanity, the glorious results of our work will bring lasting honor to the disciples of the faith. It is said a bullet which has been dipped in the marksman's blood will surely hit the mark. Jefferson said truly, "The patriot, like the Christian, must learn that to bear revilings and persecutions is a part of his duty."

The campaign of 1896 has taught us how cruel and dishonorable is the money power in contest. Now, emboldened by success, they propose to gain bodily possession of our currency system, and to commit the country irrevocably to the rapacious gold standard. In the summer of 1897 the Bank of England, yielding to the unanimous demand of parliament, offered to encourage the bimetallic movement by holding a

portion of its reserves in silver. Of its rebuke by the money power of London the Manchester *Guardian* said: "The letter of censure from the Clearing-House bankers to the Bank of England is a distinct claim on the part of a group of London bankers to control the currency system of the country." With these invaders it is useless to argue; they must be dragged from their power to control human happiness and progress. The people of Europe are helpless, the voices of their parliaments avail nothing; only one free people remains to do battle, and we are that people.

In 1900 we shall close the awful path downward which has brought us to the end of the greatest of centuries in misery and suffering. Bimetallism is not a final reform, but it is THE WAY UPWARD. When through rising prices mankind again gets courage, other reforms will come. This must be the first. The relief we offer by restoring silver to the coinage is described by the great English economist Jevons, who in 1863 wrote thus in defence of plentiful money:

Putting aside individual cases of hardships, if such exist, a fall in the value of gold, and an increase in the supply of money, must have and, as I should say, has already had, a most powerfully beneficent effect. It loosens the country, as nothing else could, from its old bonds of debt and habit. It throws increased rewards before all who are making and acquiring wealth, somewhat at the expense of those who are enjoying acquired wealth. It excites the active and skilful classes of the community to new exertions, and is to some extent like a discharge of his debt to a bankrupt struggling against his burdens. All this is effected without a breach of national good faith, which nothing can compensate.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

A STUDY FROM LIFE.

BY HENRY C. WHITNEY.

He stands apart in striking solitude—an enigma to all men. The world eagerly asks of each person who endeavors to write or to speak of him: "What illumination have you for us? Have you solved the mystery? Can you explain this man?" The task has been essayed many times; it will be essayed many times more; it never has been, and probably never will be, entirely achieved. . . . He was the most individual man who ever lived, . . . lonely, . . . impressive, mysterious, unmeasured, and unsolved.—*Morse.*

LINCOLN'S heterogeneity was manifest even to the exterior senses, and was emphasized upon close study. He was six feet, four inches tall, but his short trunk—*torso* in the classic phrase—was out of all relation and harmony with his long legs and arms. Had all else been in keeping with his diminutive trunk, he would have been a passable dwarf; had his abnormal legs been joined to a homogeneous body, he would have passed for a moderate giant. His great antagonist, Douglas, was fourteen inches his inferior in stature when they stood together, a difference which was reduced to four when they sat. As a phrenological example, Lincoln's head was not a complete success: it was not only too small for so big a man, his hat measuring but $7\frac{1}{4}$, but the forehead was comparatively narrow and retreating, and thus the organs of causality and comparison, which, by the test of his exemplified talent, should have been unusually large, were, contrariwise, abnormally small. It is but just to the so-called science of phrenology to say that, as might be expected, his organs of combativeness, firmness, benevolence, secretiveness, adhesiveness, and approbateness were large; while those of self-esteem, hope, reverence, destructiveness, and acquisitiveness were small.

His countenance, when animated with the inspiration of social contact or the simplest agreeable emotion of any sort,

possessed a magnetism and gave evidence of a *bonhomie* which were indefinable, and which could never be forgotten by those who had felt the charm.

He had
A most bewildering smile; there was a glance
Of such playfulness and innocence
That, as you looked, a pleasant feeling came
Over the heart, as when you heard a sound
Of cheerful music.

His face had great mobility as well as great power to amplify his thoughts, but little capacity for mere contortion; but it was remarkable, if not indeed unique, in its widely extended compass and diapason of expression, being at rare intervals lurid with majestic and terrifying wrath, at another time (and that, habitually) veiled with an awful shadow of impenetrable woe, then assuming a phase of severe responsibility,—

deep on his front engraven,
Deliberation sat, and public care,—

and anon betraying a quizzical expression of mischief or senseless vacuity.

On the morning of July 10, 1858, I was sole witness of an exhibition of the mood first named. I found him alone, in the small writing room of the Tremont House at Chicago, calmly reading the morning paper, when I handed him a letter from Judge Dickey, the contents of which greatly irritated him. He was at once transformed by rage, and in a voice of extreme passion he exclaimed several times (not to me, for I had nothing to do with the affair), "*I hain't got any argument to make.*" Dickey and he had an appointment before Judge Drummond that morning, and this note stated that Dickey was then leaving town and requested Lincoln to make his argument, which Dickey would reply to thereafter.

Again, on the morning of September 30, 1861, just after breakfast, he started with me in radiant good humor to accomplish a matter at the War Department, when I unfortunately asked him to appoint William Houston (a brother to Sam Houston of Texas) to a clerkship. He flew into a towering rage at once. "There he is, settin' here, — — —, wantin' the best office I've got," etc. (I suppose Houston was a

chronic bore.) "Let's drop the subject," said I, and his rage vanished as quickly as it came.

These are the only exhibitions of this kind that I saw, and they show that trifling matters sometimes aroused his wrath. Trifling matters likewise stimulated his innate tendency to melancholy. Soon after the first battle of Bull Run, he told me that his greatest vexation had arisen on account of two bitter contests over post offices, one at Bloomington, Illinois, and the other in Pennsylvania. About noon on Friday, March 8, 1861, in the executive chamber, with expressions of extreme irritability, and with a countenance shrouded in the densest gloom, he inveighed to me in the bitterest terms against Judge Davis's greed and importunity for office, and summarized his disgust in these words: "I know it is an awful thing for me to say, but I already wish I was back home, and some one else was here in my place." His deep-set, melancholy, weird-looking gray eyes, suggestive no less of hidden grief than of patient self-introspection, constituted his most striking and impressive single feature; and when in a serious mood, literally

His look
Drew audience and attention still as night
Or summer's noontide air.

But awkward and ungainly as he manifestly was, there nevertheless was in his *tout ensemble* an indefinable *something* that commanded respect.

His attire was homespun, faded and *négligé*, much like that of an Illinois farmer in his second-best, or market-day, suit. His clothes did not fit him. His baggage while on circuit did not occupy much over a square foot of space; he carried hardly the necessary appliances of civilized life. In his daily walk and conversation, and about the commonplace matters of social economy, he was artless, unsophisticated, and unasimilated: no man of his social rank and experiences ever wore his rusticity and guilelessness so persistently. Literally he was

Of manners gentle, of affections mild;
In wit a man, simplicity a child.

Style and pretensions made no impression on him. To his

appreciation, that part of a man—in many cases, the principal part—which was composed of wool, cotton, silk, whalebone, fur, leather, pomatum, and bay rum was unnoted; the soul and ethical tendencies alone made the man. To his apprehension, in other words,

The rank is but the guinea's stamp;
The man's the gowd for a' that.

An introduction to a stranger was not acknowledged on his part by a supercilious, insolent, inquisitive, vacant, or patronizing stare or by an obvious taking of a mental inventory of the attributes of the novice, or with an exordium of hollow compliment; if he said anything formal, it was simply "How-d'ye" in a familiar, good-hearted way. But he either continued the conversation he was engaged in without ceremony, or commenced with the new-comer as Uncle Toby did with poor Lefevre, in the familiar style of an old acquaintance; hence there was no restraint or constraint on the part of the very humblest in his company.

His close associates while on the circuit were determined for the time being by strict considerations of utility, by their ability, that is, to do the thing wanted at the time. He wanted attrition with a good case lawyer, or a good jury lawyer, or with a good storyteller, or possibly with a political leader—with that person who could bring the desired result. So inflexible to this sentiment was he that as a constant habit he chose as his opponent at billiards a bibulous lawyer of no merit save the negative one of playing as awkwardly and badly as Lincoln himself; and it was a strange but not unfamiliar sight to see these two men, who had nothing else in common, playing billiards in an obscure place, sometimes for hours together. Billiards, I may say, was the only non-utilitarian thing that I know of Lincoln indulging in.

Although it may tend to minify the popular opinion of his exuberant and disinterested *bonhomie* and philanthropy, the fact remains that he believed, with Helvetius, that "pain and pleasure form the only springs of the moral universe, while the sentiment of self-love is the only basis on which we can lay the foundations of moral usefulness. What motive," he often asked his familiars, "but that of self-interest could lead

a man to perform a generous action? He can as little love good for the sake of good, as evil for the sake of evil."

In his exterior affairs he had no method, system, or order. He had no library of any sort, law or other, at any time. He had no clerk, stenographer, or typewriter; no letter-copying book, no scrap or commonplace book, no diary, no *index rerum*, no cash or account book, no daybook, journal, or ledger. When he received money for law practice, he gave his partner his share at the time, or wrapped it in a bit of paper, awaiting an opportunity to divide. Even when he was President, when he wanted to preserve an unofficial memorandum of any kind, he noted it on a card, and put it in a drawer or, mayhap, in his vest pocket. But in his mental processes and operations he had a most complete method, system, and order; while outside of his mind all was anarchy and confusion, inside all was symmetry and precision. His mind was his workshop; he had little need of an office or pen, ink, and paper; he could perform his chief labor by self-inspection and reflection.

His daily life at home was of the simplest order; no working man or day laborer exhibited less style or pretensions. Imagine a lawyer and politician of his rank going out on the commons every evening, searching for, driving up, and milking his cow, cleaning out his stable, grooming his horse, chopping and carrying wood for the kitchen fire, and going regularly to the grocery and carrying home the supplies. And yet he did all these things habitually, not from any desire of ostentation or by reason of eccentricity, but from motives of the strictest utility,—and this even on the evening of May 18, 1860, and afterwards, when the telegraph from Maine to California and from Minnesota to Florida was vocal with his, as the unique and honored name. His disinclination to employ a clerk, errand boy, or servant arose from his unfamiliarity with petty enterprise, and from his secretiveness, self-reliance, and desire of independence. Indeed, self-dependence and mental isolation were among the very strongest elements of his character.

His intellectual vision was clear and lucid: "he saw all things through a perfect mental lens." While men usually

see through a glass, darkly, he saw face to face; he comprehended the entire landscape of all moral propositions, and viewed each element in its technical perspective and relation to all truth and logic. Truth is polygonous, and average minds can see only the nearest side perfectly, the oblique sides imperfectly, and the rear not at all; but Lincoln possessed that peculiar kind of mental eyesight (if I may use that expression) which could see all sides and angles of every moral proposition. His perception was thus accurate, far-reaching, and astute; no glamour of romance or illusion of fancy gilded or magnified any object in his view. While ordinary vision would invest objects with various of the prismatic colors, according to the bias of education, sympathies, antipathies, or affinities, his mental view united all colors of the prism, and saw with the cold, colorless light of exact truth.

He gleaned quite as much knowledge from observation and by experience as anyone, but the crude product was passed through and crystallized in the alembic of his own mind and genius before it was of any concrete use to him. Nothing within the wide range and extended compass of his mental view passed unchallenged. To all acts, accidents, incidents, objects of vision or speculation, phenomena, and moral propositions—extending even to theorems in geometry—he made the highwayman's demand, "Stand and deliver." Every material object or moral entity which was presented to his optical or mental vision conveyed to him an object-lesson; from everything, actual or phantasmagorical, he extracted a moral. As the busy bee distilled honey from the whole floral world, so he, by and through reflection and self-introspection, distilled wisdom from the entire realm of the speculative and the ideal. His shrewd but apparently indifferent gaze comprehended and included every element of the object under review. Under the mask and disguise of *nonchalance* and negative dissimulation he was an eager student; and moral objects which to the common apprehension were chaotic and heterogeneous, were orderly and homogeneous to him.

Calhoun was the greatest logician of our political history; he was so constituted by nature, and he perfected himself by

art. But he did not elucidate his themes for the masses; in fact, the masses of his constituency would not have understood him had he attempted to be simple. Calhoun was a statesman by profession; he had no other vocation. It was a lifelong study with him, and he was a master of the art. Such intellectual giants think only for superior minds, approximating to their own.

Lincoln was much like the great South-Carolina statesman in his dialectical style and modes of thought; his written speeches, of which the Cooper Institute speech is the most conspicuous example, are structurally like Calhoun's; they have all the logical strength and adaptation, but are without the classic pose and oratorical rhythm which come from long study. But Lincoln's speeches, unlike Calhoun's, are receptive to feeble and strong minds alike; his thoughts and reasoning are abstruse, but his style and mode of statement are comprehensible by all. And in addition, as Herndon says: "There were no words in the English language containing the coloring, shape, exactness, power, and gravity of his ideas. . . . Hence he was compelled to resort to stories, maxims, and jokes to embody his idea, that it might be comprehended."

Calhoun's erudition and philosophical culture directed him into the narrow channel of metaphysical subtleties, the technique of government, the "letter that killeth." Lincoln's lack of the art of schools enabled him to take a broad generalization, to be guided by "the spirit which maketh alive"; he thus arose to the dignity and necessities of his great occasion.

An honorable and noble ambition was the basis and impelling force of Lincoln's desires and aspirations. There are great differences in the character and quality of the ambition which moves men. The ambition of one may be eminently egoistic; that of another chiefly altruistic; and there are many intermediate degrees between. The spirit which controlled the Continental Congress was mainly altruistic; that which animates our more modern Congresses is equally egoistic. Benjamin Franklin and George Washington were clearly defined types of altruistic and unselfish statesmen; while John Sherman and Stephen A. Douglas were equally pronounced and emphasized examples of egoistic politicians, of no single

unselfish grace. Chatham's controlling passion was love of ostentation and display—the simulacrum of power; his greater son disdained the glitter of station, and aspired to power alone. Some of the most noisy statesmen of to-day on both hemispheres are guided by the most debased venality.

Lincoln was *sui generis* in this trait, as in all else, being egoistic in his pursuit of ambition, and altruistic in the ministrations of his great office. It would seem as if he put the enthusiasm and satiety of good-fellowship above all other personal desires. He certainly abhorred ostentation and the glamour of official station. His more resplendent wife essayed the difficult task for both. He abnegated power where he could conscientiously, but not otherwise; and of power which was unmistakably his he was extremely jealous. In this he allowed no one to "poach on his manor." He dwelt on the familiar side of things; called things by their right names; called those about him plain Seward, Stanton, Lovejoy, Swett, and Washburn, and preferred to be called plain Lincoln in return; and he was quite as approachable by Tony Lumpkin as by Lord Lyons.

He did not obtrude gratuitous advice on anybody, and he did not interfere in affairs which did not directly concern him. When possible to avoid it, he never repeated scandal or forward remarks, or attributed sinister or unworthy motives to the conduct of another. Concerning his powers and public responsibilities he was egoistic to an intense degree, but as regarded any derivative benefit or personal aggrandizement or ulterior advantage, he was equally altruistic; and "the Union, with him, arose to the sublimity of a religious mysticism."

He was not, as a rule, enterprising and effusive in his friendships toward his friends, but when appealed to he was usually more than generous, though sometimes less than just. In this attribute, as in all others, he was eccentric and uneven. He was frequently magnanimous to his enemies and complaisant to the neutral at the expense of generosity to his friends.

Thus, Judge Davis did more than any other man to put him on the track for the presidency; and Lincoln was in many ways made to know that he desired and expected to be a cabi-

net minister or to adorn Judge McLean's vacant seat on the Supreme Bench; but Lincoln passed Davis by for Judd, a selfish placehunter whom he wanted in the cabinet, and whom he appointed to a first-class mission. Finally, however, he did grudgingly place Davis on the Supreme Bench, not on his merits, but on the earnest importunity of Swett. But let no man condemn the great President till he knows all the facts. In the execution of his great office matters of political expediency had to be considered which history cannot fully reveal, and which debarred him from executing his independent will. In the case put, to illustrate, while the world took Davis seriously, according to his pretensions, Lincoln knew that he was a hollow political charlatan. On this and other topics of criticism, the great President might well say, as the musician said to Philip of Macedon when that monarch criticised his instruments and his art: "God forbid that you should know more about these things than I do."

The accepted belief is that the career of an ultimately successful man is an unbroken series of current successes from zero to affluence or renown; in practice, however, the progress of the unsuccessful and successful alike is replete with current misfortunes. The adventurer who meets with ultimate defeat may nevertheless have been highly favored of fortune in life's current journey; while the laurelled victor may have trodden the winepress of humiliation and defeat all his days, except the last. Four years before he was nominated for the Presidency, Lincoln publicly declared: "With me the race of ambition has been a failure—a flat failure"; and two years and two months before he actually took the Presidential chair, he said to me, in extreme bitterness of spirit, "My friends are leaving me, and I expect everyone to desert me."

His first political success (as it may be called) was achieved on April 21, 1832, when he was elected captain in one of the companies to serve in the Black Hawk war. The fact itself, no less than the successful prosecution of that war, gave him the greatest pride and self-gratulation. In the fall of that year he ran for the legislature, but was defeated. Soon thereafter he was appointed by John Calhoun, the Democratic county surveyor, to be his deputy for the northern part of the

county; and on May 7, 1833, he was appointed by William T. Barry, Jackson's Postmaster-General, to be postmaster of New Salem. In 1834 he ran for the legislature again and was elected, taking his seat in that body on December 1st of that year. In 1836 he was elected for the second time; and he was reëlected twice in succession thereafter. The only fadeless laurels he earned during these four sessions of service were in his hanging out his anti-slavery flag in the face of pro-slavery gloom, and in removing the capital to Springfield, which was his distinctive work. For this great service he was afterwards—as is usual in such cases—repaid with the basest ingratitude.

In 1842, 1844, and 1846 successively he aspired to a nomination for Congress, but on the first and second occasions he was defeated by John J. Hardin and Edward D. Baker respectively. On the third attempt he was at last nominated; the election resulted in his favor, and he took his seat in December, 1847.

In only an extremely few instances have members made a deep impression at their first term in Congress. Henry Clay and Douglas were exceptions, but Lincoln was not. Not only was he handicapped by his native modesty, but he was in a despised minority, whom the triumphant majority treated with utter disdain. Lincoln attempted, however, to gain a reputation. But, though enterprising, he was unfortunate with legislative schemes. In his speeches he attempted grave political philosophy and the witchery of broad humor, each alike in vain; and he returned home with neither profit nor laurels, and saw his district pass over to the opposition. He applied to a Whig administration for the office of Commissioner of the General Land Office. "He asked for bread and got a stone"; he was tendered the insignificant post of Secretary for Oregon; afterwards that of Governor. Oregon was then a *terra incognita*—the Van Diemen's Land of our political system.

In 1854, and again in 1858, the United States Senate was almost within his grasp, but, as with Sisyphus, the stone eluded him, and, as with Tantalus, the sparkling draught and ambrosial fruit fled from his famished lips. True, indeed, his

race of ambition had been "a flat failure." In point of fact, when I first knew Lincoln in 1854, he being then in his forty-sixth year, he had wrought no achievement of conspicuous fame except the removal of the capital, and that was not apt work for a great man. Indeed, at that time, his reputation as a story-teller eclipsed all other traits.

His career of real greatness opened on October 3, 1854; and while it might have come to pass in course of time in any event, it was by mere accident that it happened then. The plan prearranged was that Douglas should on that day speak to the people who were expected to attend at the State Fair, in justification of the Nebraska bill; and that Breese or Trumbull or both (being leaders of the Democracy, in opposition) should reply. Neither one appeared, however, and Lincoln was informally but opportunely designated by the opposition to reply. His speech, which was repeated at Peoria and also at Urbana, exceeded any argument on that side, either in or out of Congress. So Douglas himself admitted. Trumbull, however, reaped the reward then, and Lincoln had to wait. In 1856, however, at Bloomington, Lincoln eclipsed all previous efforts in the line of speechmaking. This gave him a distinctive and unassailable leadership in the State, and in 1858 he enlarged this leadership to national proportions. The opportune "house-divided-against-itself" speech made "his fame fold in this orb o' the earth."

Lincoln was a native politician, with all that the term implies, consistent with honor and integrity. When, in 1858, Buchanan was decapitating the office-holders in Illinois who adhered to Douglas, Lincoln told me that Buchanan was right, and that he should have done the same—that a President had a right to demand that his appointees should be in harmony with the policy of his administration. Lincoln was likewise a utilitarian, according to the conception of Hume and Bentham alike. He classed the value of men according to their strength and efficiency, which in his view somewhat condoned moral obliquity. He once spoke to me in highly eulogistic terms of Bacon, at which I expressed surprise, and ventured to object that he had been accused of receiving bribes. Lincoln admitted this to be true, but in extenuation said that it

had never made any difference in his decisions; in short, he admired him for his strength in spite of his flagitiousness.

Lincoln's adhesion to Judd was in consequence of Judd's eminent success as a politician, although Lincoln well knew that Judd was, as he expressed it to me, a political "trimmer." Judd's rallying cry in a political campaign was, "Turn on the beer and keep it running." Lincoln's appointment of Cameron was made in spite of that politician's malodorous reputation, which the whole world knew. Lincoln even resisted it, saying: "How can I justify my title of 'Honest Old Abe' with the appointment of a man like Cameron?" All of which tends to show that politics and its practice are not divine arts.

Perhaps the most conspicuous element of Lincoln's character—certainly the one most generally noted and discussed—was what is somewhat vaguely styled his honesty. It is not, according to my view, and was not in his, an affirmative virtue to be merely *honest*; for while it is, of course, a badge of dishonor to be dishonest, it is in no wise notably meritorious to be honest. It is like the faculty or accomplishment of accurate spelling, the maintenance of personal chastity, or the normal habit of being dressed, not meritorious so as to excite comment in the observance, but disgraceful in the breach. A man who is merely honest, without more, is a moral imbecile; the fibre of character requires some element more radical. But while Lincoln was indeed honest, as a matter of course, which is the negative pole of uprightness and moral intrepidity, he was also just, which is the positive pole. He was also logical and consistent in this attribute, not merely by the test of conventionalism, but equally by the test of a vital and enlightened conscience. He would as lief break into a man's house and despoil the owner of his goods, as secure the same result through the medium of an inequitable suit at law or a tricky contract. To acquire values by malpractice or by unjust or unfair action in court or elsewhere, by overcharging for services, by flat or disguised perjury, or by technical larceny, was alike in essence to him. The form and style of the malappropriation did not engross his attention, nor was he deluded by ornate phrases or euphemistic titles. To him dishonesty was dishonesty, whether it was

concealed in the burglar's kit, the "dicer's oath," deceit in a trade, the lawyer's sophistical speech, the politician's venal vote, or the hypocrite's vain profession.

Nor was his style of honesty one of limitations or of negative ethical obligation, such as, "Thou shalt not steal," "Thou shalt not bear false witness," etc.; it was an active, vital law of his being which prompted affirmative performance of duty. Lincoln also possessed not alone *moral* honesty, which is easy and common, but also *mental* honesty, which is difficult and rare indeed. All men profess moral honesty; they assume that virtue whether they have it or not. But men in general are not ashamed of obliquity of opinion; to them conformity is preferable to consistency, conventionalism to independence. To be looked at askance because of singularity of opinion conveys terror; men shun the criticism of their fellows with greater solicitude than that of their own consciences. As Lincoln himself put it: "Men who are brave enough to defy a loaded cannon cannot endure the awful name of Abolitionist, even when made by one whom they depise." But Lincoln always had the courage of his convictions; and he not only sounded the clarion note of defiance to his enemies, but with greater courage he challenged his friends to mortal combat in the maintenance of what were at the time novel and heretical political doctrines.

Shall I be told that this eulogium is undeserved, that it was not just to sustain the Fugitive Slave law, or to thwart Hunter, Phelps, Frémont, and Schenck in extirpating slavery, or to urge compensated emancipation,—all of which things Lincoln did? I reply that slaves were, in a legal aspect, *property*, and that, in Lincoln's view, to despoil their legal owners of this property was an overthrow of justice as enthroned in constitutional law; and that he deemed it more consonant with justice to protect slaves as property, by and *plus* law, than to attempt their freedom through the bloody processes of anarchy. Even in seeking to execute justice and enforce equity, he had utility and practicability of achievement in view. He did not design to "let justice be done though the heavens fall," because he knew that justice could no more be perfectly done than the heavens could fall. His goal was not ideal jus-

tice, but the practicable and the attainable. He did not attempt impossible achievements. Let it be remembered that Lincoln was primarily a statesman and politician, and in no sense a closet reformer or barren idealist. He conformed to the political monition of Cicero: "Whoever enters upon public life ought to take care that the question, how far the measure is virtuous, be not the sole consideration, but also how far he may have the means of carrying it into execution."

In the days of his adolescence Lincoln gave no favorable promise for the future; sarcasm and brute force were dominant. But this fashion was in accord with the times and manners with which he was environed; it was, in short, the custom of the country. He was impatient of restraint; he learned magnanimity later. He was impermeable to insult and quick to repel any disparagement,—by muscular force if needful, in which he knew no superior. This harsh and unlovely but then necessary gift of physical prowess—this element of herculean strength—and the laudable characteristic of resolute courage constituted his chief paternal inheritance and bequest; and so far as can be traced he did not abuse the gift, being always wary of entering into a quarrel; but, being in, he bore it so that the opposer would beware of him ever thereafter.

Exterior and visible agencies, however, defined only the initial point in Lincoln's unique career. The film of sorrow and bereavement which glazed his eyes at the deathbed of Nancy Hanks Lincoln was never effaced, and the mystic chords of memory and sympathy which stretched from the neglected grave in the deep tangled wild wood to the stricken heart of the bereaved boy were constant in their tension, impelling him to all efforts that were noble and heroic, toward all ends that were good and true. It is said that Schiller, before commencing a work, heard within himself a harmony of indistinct sounds which were like a prelude to inspiration. Also, that Rembrandt, when in the act of conceiving a picture, had a vision of rays and shadows, which communed with his soul, before he had animated the canvas with his personages. By analogy, if not indeed by the same occult influence, soon after the death of Lincoln's stepmother, an obvious and

radical transformation was wrought in his nature: he acquired that well-defined habit of abstraction, absent-mindedness, and introspection which was so marked and emphatic a feature of his character in his later days. The man who had theretofore presented no appearance of sedateness, suddenly experienced or assumed a deep sense of responsibility, and gravity usurped former exhibitions and manifestations of frivolity and vacuity.

To a superficial view this sudden change, while inharmonious with ordinary laws of evolution, and obviously not a growth or progress, seemed no more than a metamorphosis and an exotic, a sort of psychological meteor, as it were, falling into his orbit and assimilating somewhat imperfectly with his system. A sufficiently occult intelligence, however, might discern in his life of psychomancy a more impressive moral, as well as a cabalistic meaning in his frequent references to his "sainted" mother, in which hope was heralded, but masked and concealed by the awful mystery of the grave. By the premature death of Ann Rutledge, his affianced, this film of superstition and gauze of the supernatural became a cloud so dense as to overshadow his reason; and throughout life his sadness was deeply ingrained, and usurped all avenues of his intelligence and existence. It was his ruling mood. As Herndon puts it, by a strong figure of speech, "His melancholy dripped from him as he walked."

To this sad characteristic, which surprised me greatly at the time, my attention was first drawn in the spring of 1855, at the McLean Circuit Court. I was sitting with John T. Stuart, and, our conversation turning upon Lincoln, Stuart remarked that he was a hopeless victim of melancholy. I expressed surprise, when Stuart said, "Look at him now." I turned a little and saw Lincoln sitting alone in a corner of the bar, remote from anyone, wrapped in abstraction and gloom. It was a sad but interesting study for me, and I watched him for some time. He seemed to be pursuing in his mind some specific painful subject, regularly and systematically through various sinuosities, and his sad face would assume, at times, deeper phases of grief. No relief came till he was roused by the adjournment of court, when he emerged from his cave of gloom, and, like one awakened from sleep,

came back to the world in which he lived. It seemed as if his mind waged a persistent and unrelenting warfare with his feebly resisting body, and were slowly but surely wearing it out.

On the circuit, he and I, from necessity, slept together; and one morning at Danville, where we had a hearth fire, I was awakened before daylight by my bedfellow sitting up in bed, his gaunt figure dimly visible by the ghostly and fitful fire-light, and talking the most bizarre and incoherent nonsense, all to himself. Knowing his idiosyncrasies I felt no alarm, and finally he ceased his grotesque monologue, bounded out of bed, like an acrobat, with a single spring, hurried on his clothes, replenished the fire, and then sat in front of it moodily and dejectedly, without a word or a movement for fully two hours, till we were called to breakfast.

Closely allied and interwoven with these traits was an inherent belief in his *destiny*. I am not aware that a specific destiny was clearly outlined to him; if so, he did not reveal it; but on several occasions he avowed that he was doomed to a violent and bloody end. As Napoleon III said of Cæsar: "He had faith in his destiny and confidence in his genius." But faith is an instinct, not a calculation; and genius foresees the future without understanding its mysterious progress. Apropos of this, in October, 1854, he visited my law office, with others of the travelling bar, and while there, taking down a copy of Byron, he readily turned to the third canto of "Childe Harold," and read aloud from the thirty-fourth stanza, commencing,

There is a very life in our despair,

to and including the forty-fifth stanza, thus:

He who ascends to mountain-tops shall find
The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow;
He who surpasses or subdues mankind,
Must look down on the hate of those below.
Though high *above* the sun of glory glow,
And far *beneath* the earth and ocean spread,
Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow
Contending tempests on his naked head,
And thus reward the toils which to those summits led.

This poetry was evidently very familiar to him; he looked

specifically for it, and found it without hesitation; and he read it with a fluency that indicated that he had read it oftentimes before. I think he read it sadly and reverently.

Lincoln also had a faculty of abstraction which was marvellous if not indeed unique. Ofttimes he had an absent, "far-away" look; he would gaze unmistakably but without show of intelligence into the eye of an intimate friend; he would accept the proffered hand mechanically and without heartiness. The image impressed upon his retina must, of course, have been that of the person at whom he so impassively gazed, but his eyes were turned inward, and another totally different object was stamped on his consciousness.

Let me exhibit his simplicity of character by an incident. One evening, at Danville, immediately after supper, he was missing. We could not imagine where he had gone, and the Judge and I retired at 9 o'clock, somewhat worried about the unsolved mystery. Lincoln had a way of furtively stealing in on one, unheard, unperceived, and unawares; and our door soon noiselessly opened, and the tall form of Lincoln softly glided in. "I was in hopes you fellers would be asleep," said he: "Well, I have been to a little show up at the school-house;" and he narrated what he had seen. The entertainment had been intended chiefly for school children. Next evening, he was missing again. The show was still in town, and there was to be an entire change of programme. He was as pleased at it as a child.

Let me give another incident to show the contrasts in his deportment. On the evening of October 24, 1854, at Urbana, Illinois, he made one of the most able and dignified political speeches ever made in Illinois; he was perfectly majestic, and he evoked the most intense enthusiasm. Next morning he had to ride to the train two miles in an omnibus, and he essayed the clown, and played "Yankee Doodle," and very badly, all the way on a small French harp. He called it his "band."

I may give yet another incident, somewhat illustrative of the same characteristic. During the sitting of the Philadelphia Convention in June, 1856, he was in attendance upon the Circuit Court at Urbana, and at the very time when the

110 votes were being cast for him as a candidate for Vice-President in Philadelphia, he committed the boyish freak of hiding the hotel gong, and on being strongly suspected by the landlord, he looked as sheepish as a mischievous boy might be expected to in a similar predicament. In extenuation of this freak I may add that, besides giving us a rest from the din, it taught our vulgar landlord a lesson, for, previous to this practical protest, he had been wont to bang the instrument in our ears *ad nauseam*.

At sunset on May 27, 1856, Lincoln and I happened to be standing in the market square at Decatur, Illinois, when he impressively said: "Here is the exact spot where, twenty-six years ago, I stood by our wagon, which had everything in it that my father and I owned in the world." And he might have added that during the succeeding year he had worked in the clearings and cornfields of the Sangamon bottom as a common field-hand, and was so obscure a person that even tradition has a blank leaf at this page of his history.

Within five years from this meeting at Decatur he and I were at that town again, and he was then the President-elect of the United States.

For more than a century the majestic figure of Washington has occupied a consecrated niche in the Parthenon of history, and has been canonized in the hearts of his countrymen as the ideal patriot, unique in public virtue, the Genius of Constitutional liberty. "*Stat magni nominis umbra*." To approach that proud and preëminent exaltation all political ambition aspires. Washington is the "bright particular star" in our galaxy of the mightiest departed; he is in the clear upper sky, and the lustre of his glory will not grow dim or fade till our political system itself goes out in darkness! Lincoln once said to me, reprovingly: "Let us rather believe, as in our youth, that Washington was spotless; it makes human nature better to believe that one human being was perfect—that perfection is attainable and possible." Yet again, he said: "Washington is the mightiest name on earth—long since mightiest in the cause of civil liberty, still mightiest in moral reformation. On that name no eulogy is expected. It cannot be. To add brightness to the sun or glory to the name of

Washington is alike impossible. Let none attempt it. In solemn awe pronounce the name, and in its naked, deathless splendor leave it shining on."

From the new historic era which was unfolded in 1861 the rays of the world's laudation converged to one focus, in which, in letters of living light, is written the name of *Abraham Lincoln*, the only name apposite to be linked with that of him who was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen;" and until civil and political liberty shall be no more, the inquirer shall find, occupying the same historic pedestal,—always linked and entwined together with the same laurel wreath, and the effulgence of the fame of each adding glory to the other,—united in patriotism, complementary in achievements, one the founder and the other the preserver of constitutional liberty, and thus homogeneous in immortality, the sainted names of

WASHINGTON AND LINCOLN!

THE RELATION OF ART TO MORALITY.

BY MARIE C. REMICK,
President of the Chicago Woman's Club.

THERE have been three periods of great art: sculpture in Greece in the age of Pericles, painting in Florence in first half of the sixteenth century, and in Venice in the last half of the same century.

The history of art development in Greece is analogous to that in Italy. In both countries the first art was an attempt to present—in sculpture in the one country, in fresco in the other—the religious conceptions of the age. In both countries, as art escaped from the bonds of religious authority, better technique and greater freedom in choice of subject and treatment were gradually developed. In both, art nominally served religion after love of beauty had supplanted the religious motive in artist and patron.

Egyptian art remained the servant of religion, and was so bound by conventionality that little development was possible. Byzantine art never threw off the fetters of the Greek Church. The very fact that a picture was intended for worship compelled the artist to adhere to a fixed type of representation, because any variation would have been both shocking and confusing to the worshippers. For this reason perfection in art could only come with the release from ecclesiastical bonds.

A writer has said: "When Apollo was worshipped in the form of a pillar, and the Dioscuri in the form of the letter H, no man doubted; when every god was worshipped in forms of immortal beauty in every city in Greece, no man believed." When Cimabue's Madonna so awakened the enthusiasm of the Florentines that the streets through which it was borne to S. Maria Novella took the name of "The Joyful Quarter," faith was unshaken, and the religious conception ruled art. When Raphael painted the Disputa with heavenly beauty on the

wall of the Sistine Chapel, Luther tells us the priests scoffed before the altar at the mystery they were celebrating.

In these three epochs of great art there was not only decay of faith, but great immorality; and national sensuality found its expression in the national art. Mr. Ruskin, referring to this, says: "No people has ever attained the highest stages of art-skill except at a period of its civilization which was sullied by frequent and even monstrous crimes"; and "The attaining of perfection of art-power has been hitherto in every nation the accurate signal of the beginning of its ruin." The cause, he thinks, is that art, in all periods of perfection hitherto, has been followed for its own sake, and was not, as in the earlier periods, an attempt to teach some true and useful thing.

The time of the perfection of art in Greece was also the time of her greatest drama and philosophy. In Italy in the sixteenth century, when Michelangelo and Raphael produced their greatest works, Del Sarto drew his perfect line, and the Venetians carried color to its perfection, Italy was as famous for her love of classic learning as for her great artists. Why then should the art more than the literature of Greece or the love of learning in Italy be held responsible for the immorality common to both countries in the culmination of their glory?

Through all this art criticism, Mr. Ruskin insists upon making art didactic; in Giotto and Fra Angelico he finds torch-bearers of morality and religion, and the decadence of morals in the perfection of beauty and expression of later art.

Taine, of the Latin race, is a much more sympathetic art critic than Ruskin, and understands the spirit of the old art as no Anglo-Saxon, prejudiced by the utilitarianism of his race, can. The Anglo-Saxon race has been great in literature, philosophy, science, and politics, but never great in art. Neither were the Romans, also a practical people, "whose genius it was," sang Vergil, "to rule the nations and give law to the world." In England the sixteenth century, the most picturesque in her history, found its expression in a great drama; while in Italy similar conditions developed a great art.

Mr. Ruskin claims that a right moral state is essential for the production of great art, and that "No false man can paint." It is true that many of the earlier painters were men of the greatest purity and piety, notable Sodoma and Fra Angelico, and we feel their saintly souls speaking to us in their Madonnas, saints, and Christs; yet such sharply defined moral judgments do not stand the tests of biography. Filippo Lippi was a man of notoriously immoral life, but in the faces of his Madonnas and angels there is the same expression of holiness and purity that characterizes Angelico's. Andrea Del Sarto was both a liar and a thief, but who can fail to be moved by the consecration and aspiration in the face of his St. John? An exquisite peace and devotion are characteristic of Perugino's Madonnas and saints, but he was parsimonious to meanness, and Vasari says his name is to be found in the criminal annals of Florence. In the latter part of his life he became a heretic, and when he was dying he refused the last offices of the church, saying, "I should like to know how one is received over there who refuses to commune here." The Madonnas painted in these days have the same holiness of expression as those painted in his days of faith; and these illustrations could be duplicated many times from the lives of the painters.

Is it not true that the beautiful is the essence of art, and that love of the beautiful and power to express it can exist in conditions of society morally wrong and in the souls of most imperfect men?

If great artists have not always been good men, neither have great writers. Emerson says of Shakspeare: "He was master of the revels of mankind. . . . He was a jovial actor and manager; I cannot marry this fact to his verse." Is it not true of every man and woman to whom great genius has been given in literature or art, that the works which they have created are much greater and nobler than the facts of their lives would show *them* to have been? Often genius has been put in earthen vessels. Yet we do not question that the poets have given us in their songs the highest thought of their age as well as the divine in their own nature. We must concede the same to the artists. The art of Greece

and her literature are the glorious inheritance of the ages; the art and learning of Italy of the sixteenth century illuminated Europe. Painting, like literature, has sometimes been immoral. No one questions the beauty of Byron's verse, but many question the morality. Titian's *Venus of the Tribuna*, in the Uffizi, in the place assigned to it among the treasures of one of the finest galleries in the world, has been by competent critics pronounced beautiful as art. Is it moral? Would the suggestions portrayed in this picture through a much more sensuous medium than literature, be allowed expression in poetry? I think everyone will agree that any poem attempting to state what Titian plainly tells in this *Venus*, would be suppressed in the interest of public morals. Why should more license be permitted to art than to literature? The same strictures will apply to many of the *Ledas*, *Danaës*, and *Antiopes* scattered through the galleries of Europe. Symonds says: "Raphael in his Loggia has mingled with his scenes from Old Testament history scenes of more than pagan sensuality." It is doubtless due to the influence of the church, which as the great patron of art furnished most of the subjects for the artists, that in that age art did not oftener pass the bounds of decency. Many of the most objectionable pictures probably have not come down to us. Vasari says that Botticelli, one of the least sensual and most intellectual of artists, "In many houses painted roundels with his own hand, and naked women plenty." All of which simply means that artists were men of their time.

On first consideration it would seem that religious art should have greatly influenced character. That men could perform the rites of their worship before statues of the Greek and Roman gods without in any way influencing their conduct does not surprise us, for we know that in the religious rites of Greece and Rome there was no connection between worship and morality. In Christian Florence and Venice, we are surprised that prayers before altars from which looked down the mild and pitying face of the "Mother of Sorrows" and of saints famed for their lives of holiness and self-sacrifice had so little influence over the conduct of the worshippers; but we must remember that the religion of this period was a

religion of outward observances, of rites and dogmas, sentiments and emotions. Men went to the mass bloody-handed, and away from it to assassinate, pillage, and commit all atrocities; among the ignorant religion had become superstition, and by the great cardinals of the church was openly ridiculed. "Since God has given us the papacy," said Leo X, "let us enjoy it." Mediæval Christianity, as Dante had conceived it, had lost its hold on the age, and no higher religious truth had taken its place. Men turned to Greek learning and the beauty of art for their higher life, and religion became to many merely the observance of certain ceremonials and the passive acceptance of the doctrines of the church. So long as no question was made concerning her doctrines the church was very tolerant of conduct. If in the great churches of Europe the favorite altars were the same in the past as to-day, worshippers did not throng to the chapel of S. Croce, where Giotto told St. Francis's story of poverty, chastity, and obedience, or to the altars before Angelico's and Perugino's Madonnas, but before miracle-working dolls dressed in gaudy and tarnished finery.

What anyone gets out of a book or out of a picture depends to a great degree upon the sensibility and warmth of imagination which he brings to it. Mrs. Carlyle tells a story of an ignorant Scotch girl whom she took to see a famous Madonna in the National Gallery. The girl gazed at the picture apparently spellbound in admiration; then she turned to Mrs. Carlyle and said with bated breath, "How expensive!" Evidently it was the massive gold frame that had impressed her. What an artist's soul can get out of a great work of art was impressed upon me by a little incident in the Louvre before the Venus of Milo. A young man came in with two friends. He placed them where they could get the best light and view of the statue, and passed his hand with a touch in which were united reverence and affection over the curve of the shoulder and the turn of the throat, and with a look in his face that would have made him a model for a St. George said, "I could fight for her." The holiness and peace in the faces of the Madonnas appeal to the souls ready to receive their message, and doubtless many souls have been strengthened

for noble deeds and filled with patience to bear the burdens of life by the visions of heavenly love and pity which the great artists have portrayed. The cities which produced St. Francis, St. Catherine, and Savonarola were not lacking in souls both lofty and susceptible.

Great wealth in nations has always been accompanied by decline in morals, and wealth has in all ages been the first condition of art development. Art is the flower of civilization, its luxury and adornment, and in the three great periods it reached its perfection contemporaneously with the corruption and decadence of national life, and was influenced by the immorality of the time, but by no means caused or increased this immorality. Is not art, like literature, the expression of the *Zeitgeist*? A certain atmosphere is essential to the development of art; wealth is also a necessity, yet no amount of wealth, even when united with culture and humanitarianism, is sufficient to develop it without that impalpable something we call art atmosphere. Wherever great art has been produced, there have been pageantry and beauty in public life, sumptuous apparel and picturesqueness. Life has been a spectacle, as in Athens, with her beautiful public buildings, upon which was lavished the treasure of allied cities of Greece entrusted to Athens for their common defence, processions, and games in which the people saw that perfection of the naked human body which it was the aim of the sculptors to represent. In Florence picturesqueness of costume and the pageantry of daily life much influenced art; the artists painted what they saw on the streets of their cities. Art expresses best the pictorial, and life in that period was pictorial. Modern historians have not yet realized the great value of these old frescos on church, convent, and palace wall for the study of the manners and costumes of old Italian life. The great pictures of Venice reproduce the beauty and glory of the days when she was mistress of the Mediterranean, and her doges plundered the East to beautify St. Mark.

In periods of lesser art in the Netherlands similar conditions prevailed. The Van Eycks, like Simone Memmi and the Gaddis, painted allegorical and theological pictures; but in the seventeenth century, with Rubens, painting became

sensuous and revelled in beauty of color. There were no more paintings of fasting and sorrowful Madonnas of the school of the Van Eycks. The artists of Holland and Belgium painted, as artists always have, the faces they saw in their streets, and these faces were not beautiful. There was not in these countries the intense love of beauty which characterizes the Greeks and Italians, and which gives the poetic element which makes Greek and Italian art akin to music in its influence. Rubens's saints were fleshly and "full of the pride of life"; his Magdalens have never sorrowed bitterly, and they look impenitent. Rubens, like the Venetians, knew the great secret of mixing colors which glow like liquid sunshine, but Rubens is sensual where the Venetians are sensuous. In Greece and Italy, sensuality was veiled with refinement; to this is due much of the artistic perfection of both nations. When Northern nations are sensual and passionate, they express it, in painting, after the manner of Rubens, and in literature like the dramatists of the Restoration.

In France in the age of Louis XIV, art, architecture, and literature mirrored the ideal of the age. "France, c'est moi," said the monarch. He posed as a model of taste and elegance. The formal court, with its elaborate court costumes and still more elaborate manners, were all modelled after the king. Versailles, with its magnificent salons and corridors decorated with precious marble, Venetian glass, historical and allegorical paintings, Mansard's formal architecture, and Lenôtre's stately gardens, with the trees and hedges trimmed into geometrical forms, was the proper setting for this artificial court life, which was one long dress-parade. Until the Revolution French art reflects this artificiality. The allegories of Le Brun in which Louis XIV masquerades as Alexander, the portraits of Mignard and Rigaud, Coypel, who painted the ancient Greeks in silk knee-breeches, and Watteau's courtiers masquerading as shepherds,—all tell the same story of a life that was a make-believe, a civilization rotten to its core.

History plainly tells us that in all times of great art the environment has ministered to a national love of beauty, and that sensuousness, united with picturesqueness in daily life and beauty of nature, has always been favorable to painting.

But sensuousness must not descend to coarse sensuality; immorality certainly never has promoted art. If immorality and sensuality were conducive to art development, the period of the Restoration in England should have produced great art.

The greatness of Italy in art is largely due to the keen appreciation and love of the beautiful by the Italians, which to-day give the Italian peasant a graciousness of manner and quickness of intelligence very different from the stolidity of the peasantry of northern Europe. Love of beauty shows itself in everything produced in Italy from the thirteenth to the seventeenth century, from the frescos to the drinking cups of Cellini and the marble chimney-pieces and beautiful doors of the old palaces. The beautiful works of art found in inaccessible mountain villages are marvellous. Italy has many towns, like Amalfi, Ravenna, Padua, Assisi, Prato, Ferrara, and Urbino, which are now but the ghosts of what they were, but which are still filled with priceless art-treasures. Pillage, war, and sale have destroyed much and filled the galleries of Europe with spoils taken from Italy, yet so much remains that it is hard to understand how one people could have created so much beauty. It is still more remarkable when we remember that during these centuries the cities of Italy were continually engaged in wars with foreign invaders, wars with each other, and civic feuds. Still, manufactures and commerce flourished, and artist, architect, and sculptor went steadily on adorning the cities; however bitter the hate between the rival cities, and however fierce the strife between the factions within the walls, they went from city to city creating beauty, honored by every city they entered.

Modern life is too complex, too utilitarian, too dominated by scientific thoughts and industrialism to find its highest expression in art. When Masaccio and Masolino told the Bible story in forms of immortal beauty on the walls of Carmine, painting had a vital influence on Italian life, and the creation of a new fresco, the building of a new church, or the creation of a new statue was a matter of pride and joy to the whole city. For in those days there was politically no Italian nation; the only national unity was in the realms of art and

letters. Italy was divided into free cities, republics, and dukedoms, in each of which patriotism and civic pride were of that personal and intense kind possible only in small communities where the artist was personally known by the whole city. In those days, when few could read, and books were the costly treasure of cloisters and palaces, and pictures largely supplied the place now filled by books, the artist was a teacher. He was consulted not only about the decoration of the city, but on its civic policy and defence; he was a man much broader in his aims than the artist of to-day. Crowe says that if Lorenzetti had lived to-day he would probably have occupied a pulpit or a professor's chair. Many artists of those days were men of universal genius, such as Giotto, Orcagna, and Lorenzetti, poets, painters, architects, and sculptors, and, greatest of all, Leonardo and Michelangelo, who took all learning for their province. Art in the sixteenth century was the interpreter of the new Humanism as well as of the old theology. Mr. Symonds says: "The first step in the emancipation of the human mind was taken by art proclaiming to men the glad tidings of their joyfulness and greatness in a world of enjoyment created for their use."

What a keen living interest art held in those days! Very different was its position from that which it holds to-day, when art has become the decoration and adornment of life, and a picture is painted to hang with hundreds of others on the wall of a gallery! In those days pictures were painted in harmony with their surroundings, Madonnas and saints over the altars of churches, and a picture like Lorenzetti's "Good and Bad Government" in the Palazzo Publico.

Science rules modern thought as completely as art and learning ruled Italian thought in the sixteenth century. Art can never be the supreme thing in modern life; it is the adornment of a civilization rich in material things, and scientific in its thinking. Symonds says: "Our deepest thoughts about God and the world are incapable of personification by any æsthetic process. They never enter into that atmosphere where alone they could through fine art become luminous."

The art of an age must embody the ideals of the age; our age is complex, filled with new theories of social and political

amelioration, and their presentation belongs to literature rather than to painting. The pictures to-day which most strongly appeal to the people are pictures in which the literary and dramatic interest overshadows the pictorial interest; they transcend the province of painting, and for that reason they fall short of the highest excellence as art. Landscape, pantheistic in its ideal, is the modern art expression; and Mil-lais' *Spring*, in the Louvre, is, perhaps, the most idyllic expression in modern art. The difficulty seems to be that modern art either tries to express more than is possible within the limitations of painting, or contents itself with mere beauty of technique.

With our loss of the greatest art there have been compensations. The mediæval city, with all its picturesqueness, was a most uncomfortable as well as a most unsanitary dwelling-place; scarcely a ray of sunshine penetrated its narrow streets, which were full of filth, noisomeness, and death damps. The lower classes burrowed like rabbits in quarters where neither comfort nor decency was possible; the nobles lived in great palaces which, with all their magnificence of spacious halls, precious marbles, and beautiful pictures, possessed neither comfort nor cleanliness, according to our standard. There is no adequate way of heating or lighting these old palaces, and for four months of the year they are like cold-storage vaults, even in the mild Italian climate. Hawthorne said: "There could be no fitter punishment for the guilty founders of these old palaces than to be compelled to wander as ghosts through these long suites of rooms over the cold marble of the floors, growing chillier with each eternal footstep." Mediæval society found its luxury in beauty and magnificence; modern society makes comfort its luxury. The marble seats which adorn the old palaces are certainly things of beauty, but they are not restful seats for tired mortals. Comfort, cleanliness, security of life and property, streets paved and lighted, disease checked by sanitation, the hospital for the shrine, the schoolhouse for the monastery are our compensations for the lack of great art; and these gifts have done more to promote morality than all the art the world has ever known. Any number of beautiful things to look at, either of art or of

nature, will never elevate a people unless to the beauty be added certain material conditions essential to health and decency.

Art has a vital relation to morality, but we must seek it not in its didactic teaching, but in beauty, which always exerts a refining influence, tending to soften manners and elevate character. In Raphael's faces there is a serenity which rests like a benediction on all who surrender themselves to his influence, and this peace must have been in Raphael's soul before he could have put it on the canvas. Only weariness of spirit comes from making art a schoolmaster. A young woman was straining her eyes and fretting her soul before Tintoretto's pictures in the Scuola San Rocco. She held her Ruskin in her hand, and was evidently striving to read into the pictures all that Mr. Ruskin told her she ought. The kindly custodian, recognizing the symptoms, came to her and said: "Signora, you will never find it all; no one but Mr. Ruskin ever did."

"Everything," wrote Marcus Aurelius, "that is in any way beautiful, is beautiful in itself." "Art," says Winckelmann, "is the daughter of pleasure." Here is where the moral mission of art is to be sought—in the elevating influence of pure delight filling life with joy and beauty, and by these making the world happier and better. We should love painting, sculpture, and music for their beauty, just as we love the rose for its color and perfume, without thinking of its value for attar of roses or confection. Is pleasure, in the highest significance of the word, so plentiful in human life that those arts which give us pleasure should be lightly valued? Is it not the distinct mission of painting, poetry, and music to soothe the soul weary with the cares of life, to make a city of refuge in the realms of fancy, to give moments of delight in a world of beauty and joy where no moral judgments are demanded of us, and where poise and serenity of mind may be gained, to enable us again to enter the arena of the actual world, from whose struggle no mortal is long released. Biting cares, heavy burdens, crushing sorrows, humiliation, and suffering fall to the lot of mortals. Every joyful moment, every noble delight, is a lasting possession of the soul. A

beautiful young girl, in her freshness and purity, whom we chance to meet; the sapphire-hued Mediterranean, with its background of purple mountains melting into olive-hued hills with a foreground of orange and lemon groves, interspersed with stately palms, and over all the luminous sky of Italy, once seen remain a lasting possession of beauty. Every sunset, every sunrise, the beauty of mountain, valley, sea, and shore, every beautiful picture, every fine statue, that we have ever seen, remains as a priceless treasure in the memory; and happy is the man or woman the warp and woof of whose life hold many such memories.

In the great museum of Naples are two long corridors filled with the busts and statues of the great men of Greece and Rome. Like the statues of their gods, the marble faces of the Greeks are full of serenity and peace; care, ambition, and restless passions have traced no lines upon these faces. It is refreshing and restful to linger with these marble men who have seen no world-weariness. On the other hand, the Roman faces are careworn and troubled; they are akin to those of the men who walk our streets; struggle and disappointment are written upon them. May not the serenity which breathes through the Greek marbles have been due to the intense love of beauty which lifted the Greeks into an ideal world?

There is little place in modern life for repose or fancy, especially to the Anglo-Saxon, who is inclined to apply his utilitarian touchstone to everything. Fiction and poetry to-day, instead of giving us rest by leading us into an ideal world of beauty and peace for spiritual refreshment, worry and distress us with the same problems which face us in daily life. Our novelists no longer even pretend to invite us to a play. They proclaim at once their purpose, all in capital letters; they tell us that their aim is not to amuse or delight, but to instruct. The social evil, the labor problem, temperance, politics, theology, and evolution are now written in the guise of fiction.

In our novelists who take their art seriously pure enjoyment, rest, can no more be found than in a treatise on insanity. By this constant strain on judgment and conscience, our

generation is being driven to nervous prostration and the verge of insanity.

Let us be allowed painting and music and literary art without being compelled to weigh motives or to judge of wickedness and virtue. Leave us a little world of the imagination free from the worry of moral judgments. The painter and the musician can stand on neutral ground; they need be neither judge nor jury; theirs the privilege to express the joy and beauty of existence.

In the Louvre is a picture by Murillo of the interior of a convent kitchen, where most charming angels, with wings folded and robes tucked up, are bustling about laying tables, setting a kettle of water to boil, and carrying plates. It had been a time of scarcity for the poor monks, and during the night the angels have brought food, and they are preparing breakfast for the half-starved brothers. A most beautiful ideal of loving service; but do not let us put all the angels to serving at table. Leave to some the harp and the song.

AMERICA A POWER.

BY STINSON JARVIS.

IN the December number of *THE ARENA* its Editor raised a question concerning the future of the nation. "Shall the United States be Europeanized?" he asked. "As a nation we have come to the parting of the ways. . . . The United States must gravitate rapidly towards Europe, or else diverge from Europe as far and as fast as possible." He indicates four influences tending to alter the national outlook. Of these, Commerce is ranked first. Commerce, he says in effect, does not require change and progress, but only stability, fixedness, conservatism. Thus when two nations trade, the one that alters "gets in love" with the one that does not. Reference is made to the danger of self-interest supplanting patriotism while the threads of the commercial web are being woven. "As between the ship on the one hand and the Republic on the other—well, the Republic may take care of itself! That is, democracy is good enough, but trade is better."

Under the second head, Accumulated Wealth, the large financial transactions with the old world are mentioned. The third is Social Influence, and the ties created through international marriages are discussed. The fourth factor is "Government," and here it is stated that Government is "never modest, is never humble, always encroaches and enlarges, does not look affectionately at man, but always affectionately toward form and the splendor of things."

The remarks of the article which come under the last heading would probably only issue from one who could see a long way back; and if history repeats itself, knowledge of the past makes good guessing for the future. In Dr. Ridpath's writings we enjoy the advantage of being able to rely upon his historical inferences. The writer of a history of the world, perhaps the best yet produced, may be expected to have a pretty good grip on the facts of human existence; and

this point is emphasized because the present leanings and probable future of American nationality cannot be reasonably discussed without the aid of the book searchlight that reveals the human past from the Vedas down to Lecky—and this, to show that what human nature has always done, it will continue to do.

While considering the effects of Commerce, Accumulated Wealth, Social Influence, and Government, let us first inquire whether these alternative influences can be stayed or neutralized; and, if not, should the inability be deplored?

As to the first item, it would of course be idle to talk about causing cessation, and equally unprofitable to object to the interminglings which Commerce enforces. The necessary must be taken with any unwelcome features. In regard to the second heading, it is clear that the Bourse of the world has no nationality, supports neither monarchy nor republic, and is not a market for politics, though affected by political changes. It cannot be called European when common to the financiers of every country. When American capitalists enter those upper airs of finance which special education alone explains, they merely utilize the market of the world, suffering such losses as "want of confidence" may create, and seeking the gains which "stability" may protect. To ask the larger dealers to abandon the one field that is open to them is only to invite derision. In many countries there are village financiers who object to the Bourse because it always seems partly foreign. The necessities for its existence are as unknown to them as the orbits of Jupiter's satellites. But the world's quotation-house for values has no roof and is as wide as cables can make it, holding neither kings nor flunkies, nor bowing nor scraping; nor has it Europeanized anyone. Home finance, while finding the heel of the woollen stocking insufficient as a safety deposit-vault, has proceeded beyond village methods to take the place which the importance of its wealth entitles it to, and which the abundance of its wealth requires. One might as reasonably blame the banana man for terminating the push-cart enterprise and opening a comfortable shop. It is business. It is human nature. It is progress. It is the inevitable. It cannot be stopped.

Thirdly, the Social Influence—let us not call it "Society" lest we seem to praise or blame; for this word has different meanings in different mouths. In the department stores it means "carriage company"—simply those who go shopping in carriages and wear expensive clothes. Our affair, however, is not to define "Society," but to deal with a certain natural straining which is accused of altering strictly republican and chiefly Puritan ideas. Let us call this the Hunger to be Somebody.

What records would have transmitted to us the name of Sheba's queen if she had not brought her gift to Solomon, 110 talents of gold—4,400 pounds avoirdupois? Her name became interlaced with that of a great foreigner and will live for ever. Who could now discover the identity of Cleopatra, and who would care a rap for the discovery, if she had not become familiar with foreigners of the highest social grade the world held? Where would the Pompadour have been if she had not played her cards? From Bhudda's Yasodhara down to the latest matrimonial "sacrifice," has there been any difference? Even before writing was invented the chanters passed on to us the story of Helen, as if to prevent our mistakes about the almost prehistoric human nature. Is there any quality more deep-set and ineradicable than this?

Here is an old scrapbook clipping showing a very long list of American women who married titled foreigners. Did they ever regret this? As to the husband—sometimes. As to the title—never. The hundreds of millions that have thus changed hands have been considered to have been laid out satisfactorily. Why? Because these women were human. As English or French they would have acted in like manner, though with less debate, perhaps. It is not peculiar to any one people to hunger to be somebody. It is the world-wide strain for priority, as common to the wild horse as to the simian chief—the strain that has no beginning in recorded history and herhaps continues to act as a spur after the fare on Charon's ferry has been paid—the one quality that has never changed, from the reptile up to man, and which a handful of Puritan colonists hoped to crush out from themselves and their descendants. Titles were not good enough

for the processes of the Puritan, though good enough for God's.

It may have been all wrong as an arrangement of creation, but it is a fact that the gentry of Europe became "selects," just like oysters, a long time ago; also that a title has an extraordinary value from certain points of view. It is the cheapest prominence in the market. It may give the most brainless ass a position that nothing else under heaven could provide him. But in these lines there must be no praise or blame. Right or wrong, these are unalterable facts, and they must be dealt with understandingly. Perhaps ninety per cent of American publications speak with pity of their countrywomen who marry titled foreigners; but most of these "victims" have first travelled and know the social values thoroughly well before they take the step. If they be fools, some would regret their folly, and none have returned to express a regret that they entered titled society. From a business point of view, it must be admitted that the possessors of titles hold something that commands almost unlimited price, and that they are entitled to utilize their market. As to the unhappiness which is said to follow, a fairly wide outlook tends to show that where vanity is pleased, and where both parties receive what they sought, the average of happiness is likely to be quite as great as in those cases where couples jump at "love in a cottage" and where the wife's further existence continues as the overworked and uninteresting mother of pauper children. In any household and in any nation a crisis is usually imminent when vanity has no further chance of a satisfaction; and in the marriage purchase of a title vanity secures its future in ways beyond the power of fading beauty and marital insufficiencies to entirely spoil. A title is one of the few things which age cannot wither; nor can custom stale the satisfaction of holding, as of right, a great place in the great world.

Take a chance paragraph from the morning paper: "The Countess of Craven [Mrs. Bradley-Martin's daughter] gave a New Year's ball to the tenants at Combe Abbey last night." Then follows a list of the titled guests. How many Canadian and American women will read this while thinking of the

old barrel-maker, and of the chances that come to some unknown and lucky persons? And in England, how many are devouring the news of the court and the titled people? This may all seem slightly nauseating, an effect to be expected in realistic stories, and we are dealing, for once, with facts, and, if possible, from a thoroughly cosmopolitan standpoint—a standpoint that is almost entirely unknown in American print.

Among the enlarging influences mentioned by Dr. Ridpath, some would have put this social item first, because commerce and financiers can be controlled by law, and governments may be altered; but there is no altering of human nature. Who will prevent the millionaire from buying adulation and the title that crooks the pregnant hinges of the knee? There is only one world of fashion. It recognizes only those within its own territory. Its dictum is that nobody can be Somebody who remains with the anybodies. Will a love for the tenets of a religious sect, or for the grandeur of the Jeffersonian simplicity, prevent the moneyed man from seeking a comparatively cheap prominence? How many can hope to attain a hard-earned eminence of personal character, like that of Lincoln? How many could reproduce the divine simplicity which held such a terrible capacity for compassion that it sometimes sought a humorism to hide grief? Even if other Lincolns could thus be produced, how many would make the effort unless sure that their virtues would be sufficiently known? He who can command an army of servants, who lives in princely luxury and in an American palace, does he think his bricklayer is as good as himself? Does he want the bricklayer to suggest any such equality? Has anyone remained entirely true to the earlier principles when his bank account reached seven figures?

The seven-figure man knows that the sale of American papers partly depends on their recording the doings of the rich. He knows that the discovery of his private affairs means income to them, and his life is spent in a state of barricade—a condition of things he avoids by going to countries where immunities from curiosity require less care. When the Woman's Press Club lately gave a bazaar, some unpermitted use of Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger's name was made, and her

indignant note to the president of the club was partly as follows: "The press of America drove Mr. Astor out of the country. Does it intend to drive out every person who can afford to go?" Here we get a first-hand expression of the feeling of "Society"—not the first regarding its conditions in the United States. The millionaire with leanings toward fashion avoids being mentioned in American papers, but for the world of fashion to know that he has entertained a grandee is a very different kettle of fish. He has already admitted that America can give him nothing but his income. He is between two poles of a territorial magnet, one attracting and the other repelling. Can there be any doubt as to his movement?

As to the fourth influence, Government, the reader is referred to Dr. Ridpath's article touching the ways in which the author shows this Government to be copying monarchical systems and wordings. While saying that it is no longer Jeffersonian he exhibits the tendencies of all governments to be carried away by a love for splendor. He might have also shown that this old hunger to be Somebody, the politician's ache to identify self with history, has already done much to alter American thought. During two terms of peculiar inertia, Mr. Cleveland gained at least the respect of those who preferred the *status quo*. Foreign courts, always reluctant to admit true statesmanship in an American, held him in extraordinary estimation because he maintained silence when others talked. And then at the end of it all he made a desperate effort to prove himself to be of spirited action by announcing a proper claim in an insulting way.

Many are crazy to make a bit of history and have their name writ large on it. The hurried advancement of the navy tells. The hammers in the navy yards mark the pulses of the unhatched Somebodies. Dr. Ridpath says the people are the safeguard—that four-fifths of the nation are still opposed to any momentous alteration; and that seems to be true of every individual of the four-fifths—until he gets rich or can handle a spoke in the wheel of state. The people? What people? Is it suggested that this country is in any way influenced or governed by the people? Why, then, did they not

elect the man who intended to really and truly represent them? The election proved beyond question that the people are helpless in the grasp of the money power. Every capitalist and manufacturer coerced the vote of his employees, and can continue to do so. The consequence is that the working people will be shut out for years from the benefits of open international competition in the markets. They know where they can buy tweed suits for twelve dollars that will last eight years, but they have to buy shoddy because the coffers of the manufacturers must be filled. The workman must buy blankets from which the wool disappears in three washings, leaving him lying under a sort of enlarged towel. He is told it is national and patriotic to agree to this and remain poor in order to give "protection" to the wealthy manufacturers. He is told of Mr. McKinley's intended "reforms." Mr. McKinley will simply produce his church-tea-party smile, and do what he is told. The "people" rule this country about as much as they rule Timbuctoo. When the electioneering mechanisms of the money power are in good running order the use of the ballot-box is about as valuable as a wet squib. Practically, the money power and the government are Siamese twins, and it is difficult to see how individual opinion in the four-fifths majority can be counted on as a power in the present condition of affairs.

The whole of the alterative influences referred to by Dr. Ridpath must therefore be ascribed, directly or indirectly, to the powers that rule, and not to the people, meaning the rank and file of workers. But this is not peculiar. It is precisely the same old thing—the rulers, and the ruled. And republics have never been anything else, except in their early and "village" conditions. The individual hunger to be Somebody and the national hunger for power have never failed to assert themselves and reduce differences in constitutions and practices to a mere choice of terms. A point to be emphasized in this paper is that this is the only form of national growth that has ever been known, and the only one that is possible.

If, then, these four great currents of alteration can only be damned and never dammed, is the fact to be deplored? Can the alterations be reasonably detested when seen to be

the usual and necessary national enlargements? With its navy present at the Portsmouth reviews, also entertaining an Emperor, saluting a Tsar, threatening a Sultan, ordering "hands off" from all the real estate in the Western hemisphere, would any old Puritan politician recognize his country if he were resurrected? With its interests in Samoa, its possibilities in Hawaii, its sympathy for Cuba, its protectorate over the whole of South America, what principle now remains of the old combination whose maxim was to be sufficient to itself, and whose ambition was to be able to explore the unknown recesses of its own territory?

Why should the enlargements be regretted when to sympathize with a natural pride in the increase of a nation's power is so much easier than to understand why an endeavor should be made to conform to the tenets of a forbidding sect whose other-worldliness was diametrically opposed to legitimate national growth? The watchword of America has been Progress, but the limit fixed by Puritanism has already been reached and greatly overstepped. Is this word to have no further political meaning?—or shall the United States improve its position among the nations whose wishes have to be consulted? Perhaps there is hardly room for debate on this point, because notice of the South American protectorate has been served on the world; and some protectorates have proved as good as a squatter's prescriptive right. This adds nothing to the hundred and forty-one millions of the pension list. Not a soldier is added to the pay-roll. It simply goes by "bluff" and the building of ships. It is cheap, and the profits are beyond calculation. It is distinctly monarchical. It knocks the Puritan's tenth commandment sky-high in not only coveting but securing all it can grab. And, hypocrisy apart, who cares whether it is monarchical, or un-Puritan, or anything else? It is good. It will stand.

During the present scramble for broken China, foreign requests have been made as to what the United States intends to do. In other words: "What portion of the old willow-pattern will America annex?" When was this ever done before? In regard to a foreign division of territory, who ever inquired as to the good pleasure of the United States until this country

exhibited its up-to-date warships off Portsmouth? How pronounced has been the "cousinship" of England ever since! For an ally is valuable when possessed of strength, and not before. Since then, how keen has hatred (jealousy's tacit admission of importance) become, when Germany and other continental countries talk of combining to teach the United States a lesson!

If, as Dr. Ridpath says, commerce makes for peace in requiring stability and security, what promise of plenty underlies the fact that the money power which rules America is distinctly commercial! For the range of the vastly wider views that are now opening out, the money power will require new men—not politicians, but statesmen who will move toward the best ultimate welfare regardless of school-taught rancors that were useful only during a "village" period of existence, and regardless of all imported hatreds that tend to interfere with good business. It may take something like a revolution to enable us to buy good materials at their cost in the most reasonable market. We who work, the great four-fifths, are not prospered by the enrichment at our expense of local manufacturers—though that, too, has had its uses. The legally protected fake goods which we are compelled to buy will have to go to the wall; for the only national prosperity is the welfare of the four-fifths, not that of the few.

But this is an internal affair, easily remedied by wise statesmanship. In any case it could only temporarily obscure the general outlook. In the chaos of divergent individual opinion, in the midst of the anarchism which wants liberty to mean license, is it not a cause for thanksgiving that the selfishness of the controlling power means security for the nation? Statesmen are at last learning the needs of the vanities of men, and the uses that are properly made of these vanities for the protection of the state, for patriotism, for the better building of the moral bulwarks. There will be names to protect, ambitions to be forwarded, alliances to be formed,—alliances capable of holding the world at bay; and thus the deliverer of the slave will give liberty to all. The nations are now bent forward, listening. And from the upper air comes the sound of the rush of eagle wings.

BROOKLINE: A MODEL TOWN UNDER THE REFERENDUM.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

I.

AT a time like the present, when the value and utility of direct legislation are seriously challenging the consideration of our most thoughtful people, the history of the town of Brookline becomes a subject of special value to students of social progress, quite apart from the interest it holds for the general reader, as nowhere else in the New World do we find so conspicuous an example of the practicality and the desirability of the Referendum principle in municipal government, as in this prosperous village of seventeen thousand inhabitants. The fact, that the simple, direct, and ideally republican form of government which characterized the old New-England town-meeting days has successfully stood the strain incident to a rapid increase in population and to the complex and to a certain degree artificial condition of recent years, makes this experiment one of sufficient importance to warrant a somewhat extended sketch of the town which has effectually answered the most specious arguments against direct legislation in municipal government.

As far back as 1635, the citizens of Boston were wont to gaze with covetous eyes over the two miles of water then stretching westward from the edge of the Common to the forest-clad hills and fertile marshes of what was soon to be known as the hamlet of Muddy River. Indeed, it was in that year that the Rev. John Cotton, "the spiritual father of Boston," suggested that a portion of this goodly land would be an acceptable gift. The hint was taken, and a farm was allotted to the popular leader. In those days the clergymen were leaders in a much truer sense than in our time, but it is not recorded that even in the good old times there was another instance in which the flock manifested such unanimity or alacrity in following their spiritual adviser as on the occasion in question. Mr. Bolton observes that,

In looking over the old records, it seems as if every resident of Boston not possessed of abnormal modesty, asked for an allotment. Grants were made more rapidly than the surveyor could lay them out. Notices like this on the records are not infrequent: "Our brother, Peter Oliver, hath granted unto him sixty acres of land at Muddy River, if it be there to be had, of the which there is granted some marsh if there be any there, always provided that those grants before granted, are first served."*

Among the early landowners in the town of Muddy River was Robert Hull, the father of the celebrated John Hull who established the first mint in New England, and whose name is so inseparably connected with the Pine-Tree shilling. Hull was thrifty, and though he was a poor man when he opened his mint, so steady was the flow of shillings into his own strong-box that he grew very wealthy; and when his daughter married Judge Sewall, it is said that her father gave her as a wedding present her exact weight in Pine-Tree shillings. Chief Justice Sewall, who married Miss Hull, named one of his farms Brookline, an appellation which was afterwards given to the hamlet of Muddy River in compliment to the eminent jurist.

If typical New-England thrift characterized the infant town, patriotism was also much in evidence. Few villages outside of Boston entered more heartily than did Brookline into the passionate struggle for liberty which opened at Lexington.

Speaking of Lexington reminds me of a legend which well illustrates this point. As Lord Percy, so runs the story, was passing what is now Coolidge's Corner, he was glared at by some small boys, who had early imbibed the rebel spirit. The English officer, being uncertain as to the way, sought enlightenment of one of these urchins, and according to the story, received the prompt retort, "You inquire the way there, but I'll be d——d if you ever need to know the way back." It is proper to state that an interrogation point has been placed after this anecdote, and that there are those who insist that its proper place is with the celebrated "hatchet story"; but whether apocryphal or not, it illustrates the spirit which animated the people of Brookline during the Revolution.

* "Brookline: The History of a Favored Town." By Charles K. Bolton.

It is said that old Dr. Aspinwall used to tell of the precautionary measures which he took to preserve his life when leading his fellow townsmen as they chased the retreating British as far as Charlestown on the memorable 19th of April. Dr. Aspinwall, though possessing but one eye, was a capital marksman, but others of the Brookline contingent which he led forth were rarely guilty of hitting anything they aimed at, even when cool and deliberate. The good doctor, knowing their weakness, naturally appreciated the peril to life and limb of the leader of such a band. A happy thought, however, led him when he fired or loaded to invariably take the side of the tree nearest the British. He had little to fear from the random shots of the retreating foe, and by this expedient avoided the great risk of being shot in the back by his excited townsmen.

From the close of the Revolution until about a quarter of a century ago the growth of Brookline was slow but gradual. In spirit and character the town remained true to its early traditions,—thrift, public spirit, intelligence, and uprightness being prominent characteristics of its citizens. The village government was free from scandal, and while economy marked the general management, the citizens were not niggards when it came to such improvements as the general welfare demanded. Owing to the small population, however, the interesting form of government escaped the heavy strain which those opposed to direct legislation urged would be fatal in populous municipalities in our country, however successful it has proved to be in Switzerland. But during the last quarter of a century, the old-time conditions have undergone a great change; the town has increased its population, until it now contains 17,000 inhabitants. The changes incident to our modern complex life are here very much in evidence, and those various influences which, it is claimed, would render the simple and ideally republican form of government bequeathed to us by our Saxon forefathers impracticable if not impossible, are present, giving to the remarkable administration of the town of Brookline of to-day a special interest to all students of social and economic problems.

II.

Before noticing at length the government of this unique town, I desire to sketch briefly some important facts relative to Brookline, which are interesting as showing something of the character of the community which still so successfully carries on the old New-England town government, and also illustrates the liberality of the community in regard to all those things which are calculated to promote moral and mental growth, as well as other measures which contribute in a positive way toward the health and happiness of a community.

The Brookline schools afford a striking illustration of this nature, and also show how thoroughly alive the educators of this town are to the value of the broad ideals of the new education. The stagnation, or intellectual inertia, which too frequently pervades an old and conservative settlement and prevents keen sympathy or appreciation for the best which new ideals and changed conditions of society call forth, is, in Brookline, conspicuous by its absence, especially in regard to her public schools.

The wonderful revolution which has marked educational methods during recent years is appreciated by few persons outside of those actively engaged in teaching the young. Indeed the revolution is so fundamental in its character that the very theory of the true function of education has undergone a radical change. The old method, in which hard and fast rules were laid down, and the child's mind was treated much as an empty bottle that had to be filled with certain proportions of various ingredients, is giving place to a system whose first purpose is the development of a well-rounded character; an education in which the bearings of the various and many-sided facts of life and their relationship to the individual assume proper proportion in the expanding intellect of the child. The New Education develops rather than represses originality; it nourishes the mind and feeds the imagination; it gives breadth to the intellectual vision and calls into activity whatever is best in the youthful mind, and by so doing gives to life a fulness, richness, and satisfaction impossible under the old irksome and prosaic *régime*.

I think it is safe to say that the new education in actual

operation can nowhere be seen to better advantage than in the public schools of Brookline. The success of these schools is very largely due to the ability and perseverance of their superintendent, Mr. Samuel T. Dutton, a gentleman widely known in the educational world for broad ideals and practical methods. Mr. Dutton, also, has been ably sustained by a superior corps of teachers and a liberal, progressive, and competent school board; and these in turn have received the cordial support of the people of the town.

Under the well-considered, comprehensive, and orderly system pursued in these schools, the kindergarten, instead of the primary school, becomes the first important grade in a programme which from first to last is marked by unity and breadth of purpose; a system in which the child's mind is fed, or nourished, while it is trained. It is beautiful to see the opening mind beguiled into knowledge. It is inspiring to see a system of culture which makes the highway of learning an alluring path of pleasantness instead of a dreary waste, over which the youth is driven, and from which he can gather no beauty or poetry to satisfy the cravings of his soul.

Any one of the eleven kindergarten schools of Brookline furnishes a beautiful illustration of the progress during recent years toward the realization of a broader and truer conception of what education should be. These schools are garden spots, where life for the little ones is filled with interest and gladness,—a merry round of songs, games, object-lessons, occupations, which call the little minds into such pleasurable activity as to fill the fleeting hours with delight. Under this system, the primary schools retain much of the varied interest which marks the kindergarten; they are attractive vestibules through which the children pass to the more serious work which follows.

To fully appreciate what these primary schools are, our readers have only to call to mind their early experiences and then think of schools filled with every modern convenience, supplied with ample playgrounds and with exercise rooms in which, amid more prosaic studies, the children are taught the beauties of the floral world and the wonders of plant and animal life; schools supplied with miniature menageries, con-

taining large cages of squirrels, rabbits, pigeons, and guinea pigs, which the children daily feed and learn to love; schools at which in favorable weather the teacher often takes the classes on little excursions for the purpose of showing them the beauties of natural phenomena, and such elementary facts, relating to the earth and its formations, and to the flowers, trees, and bushes, as the small child can readily comprehend, so that, even at this early age, the expanding mind may become accustomed to drink in pure pleasure and inspiration from the beauties of earth and sky. When such points as these, which characterize the Brookline plan of primary education, are compared with the old-time dreary and irksome methods, we shall be able to form some idea of the differences between the old and the new theories of training.

Nor is the difference any less marked in the grammar schools. The keynote sounded in the kindergarten is heard in every successive grade. At each step the interest of the child is aroused, stimulated, and sustained, the imagination is nourished, and the natural inclination toward any special field of research is quickened rather than suppressed. Among the studies which receive more or less attention in the grammar schools of Brookline are arithmetic and algebra, writing, English language and literature, history, physiology, chemistry and physics, botany, ornithology, geology, a three years' course in French and a two years' course in Latin, music, drawing and painting, sewing and cooking for the girls, manual training for the boys, and swimming for both boys and girls. The teaching of swimming is an innovation, rendered practicable since the completion of the beautiful new public bath-house, completed early in 1897. Brookline is the only place, I believe, where swimming is a part of the public-school curriculum.

During recent years the high school has been brought to a high standard of excellence. Thoroughness without dullness characterizes this school, while the great purpose of developing a well-rounded manhood and womanhood is never subordinated to pedantic training. Here, as elsewhere in this system, we find a rational attempt to supply a well-defined education, which from first to last nourishes the mind, awakens

the student's interest, trains the intellect, and gives a fulness and value to life not possible under the old narrow system. The standard of excellence in the Brookline high school is such that it now justly holds a place among the best similar schools of our land.

Within a few years the attendance has grown from 100 to about 350, and the handsome new high-school building, which cost with its furnishings \$225,000, is so arranged as to accommodate 500 students. It is a model structure, with special provisions and fittings for the teaching of science, art, and physical culture. And this reminds me of the fact that Brookline, through giving attention to the development of the body by healthful exercise and athletic sports, has abandoned the pernicious military drill, which is still an objectionable feature at so many schools, and which cannot fail to fill the thought-world of the young with the glamour and romantic *unreality* associated in the popular mind with the battlefield. While I imagine that as yet nowhere are the ideals of the new education fully or perhaps even approximately realized, the Brookline public schools afford a splendid illustration of the practical progress which has been made in a system of schooling which is characterized, as Mr. Dutton says, by "breadth, nutrition, interest, and correlation."

Another factor in the educational forces of this town is the Brookline Educational Society, with a membership of nearly 600. This organization is doing a noble work along sound educational lines. It was organized for the double purpose of promoting a closer bond of sympathy between the home and the school, and for a better union of the awakened social forces for definite and practical work in the uplifting and further education of the community. Many leading citizens are serving as members of the various committees on special lines of work, such as science, art, music, child study, history, physical training, lectures, and libraries, each having a definite problem to deal with in a manner that will increase the interest of the community, and in a real if seemingly indirect way, educate and enrich the lives of thousands.

Perhaps I cannot better briefly illustrate the character of the work being carried on along these various lines than by

touching upon a few undertakings successfully carried out by the committee on music. (1) During 1897 a series of young people's concerts were given on Friday afternoons at the high school. At each concert the music of some special master was considered. A brief biographical and historical sketch of the composer and his time was given, together with an analysis of his music, illustrated by some of his best works. In this manner, Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Schubert were interpreted. These concerts were free to the pupils of the high school and the ninth-grade grammar-school and their parents. (2) Popular open-air concerts by the celebrated Salem Cadet Band were given every two weeks during July and August on the common in front of the high school. At these concerts some of the finest compositions of Wagner, Bach, Handel, Verdi, Gounod, Bizet, Rossini, and Balfe were given, the average attendance being more than twenty-five hundred people. The audiences rapidly increased in number, and I should judge that at the last two entertainments there were from three to four thousand appreciative people present; and it was a revelation to see the rapt attention given by the large standing audience to the splendid interpretation of the music of the world's great masters. It has been said that the common people do not appreciate such composers as Wagner, Bach, and Handel, yet I noticed that the generous applause of that great audience was at no time greater than after the production of notable pieces by these and other great masters. These concerts afforded the purest pleasure and brought music into the thought-world of thousands of people who have little melody in their lives. Free organ recitals in the leading Brookline churches are now being given under the auspices of the society, and great singers and musicians are from time to time employed to give the school children a taste of the work of the most accomplished artists. Though this is only a part of the work being carried on by one committee of the Brookline Educational Society, it is sufficient to give a hint of their magnificent and efficient labors.

The same liberal and far-sighted spirit which is conspicuous in the public work carried on by the town of Brookline,

is also a characteristic of the work of various associations which, like the Educational Society, are actuated by a sincere desire to uplift, ennoble, and enrich life, and are silently accomplishing much for a higher civilization. One body of this character which demands special notice is the Brookline Friendly Society. Its aim is to prevent pauperism so far as possible, by providing ways and means for the maintenance of self-respecting manhood, and by helping the poor in various ways to a better condition. In the Union Building, this society aids the support of a free reading-room, library, and gymnasium; and here we find three clubs, one for boys, one for girls, and one for mothers. These clubs are so conducted as to prove helpful to the better development of the young, as well as to afford pleasure for the members. These things show the spirit which animates in a very marked degree the citizens of this unique town.

The Brookline Day Nursery is another thoughtful and characteristic provision for the convenience of one class of citizens. Here, in a comfortable nursery fitted up for the proper care of babies and little tots under seven years old, mothers whose duties call them from home are able to leave their small children during the day. An abundance of wholesome food is provided, also cribs for the little ones, and games and entertainments for those older. All the little visitors receive excellent care until the mother returns in the evening. A fee of five cents a day pays for the service and thus removes from the mothers the unpleasant feeling that they are the recipients of charity.

Among the public institutions of which this town is justly proud, and which exercise an important influence upon the general intelligence of the people, is the Brookline Public Library, founded forty years ago with less than 1,000 books; to-day it contains nearly fifty thousand volumes. In its ample and inviting reading-rooms are found the leading periodicals of the day. There is also a room fitted up specially for the use of the children.

Another popular and unique feature of the town is the elegant new public bath-house, erected and equipped at a cost of forty thousand dollars. Here the citizens have an oppor-

tunity all the year round of enjoying the luxury of bathing and swimming; and here the young are taught to swim under the directions of efficient teachers, who are on the public-school pay-roll. This bath-house is in many respects a model. It is an ornamental brick structure containing two swimming-tanks, one of which is 80 feet long by 26 feet wide.

Public bath-houses so arranged as to be available at all seasons of the year are as yet innovations in American towns, though they are already very popular in various municipalities of the old world. From present indications it would seem that public bath-houses will soon prove as popular as are public libraries with us to-day.

Turning from the provisions which apply especially to the moral and mental well-being of the people to those general measures calculated to promote health, comfort, and pleasure, and which are so noticeable a feature of modern city life, we find this town in most respects abreast of the most progressive municipal governments of the new world. Indeed, in some respects Brookline surpasses her sister towns and cities, as, for example, in her water-supply. Here we have pure water from 150 driven wells, drawn from fifty feet below the surface of the ground and carried some distance to Brookline, where from two points it is distributed through the village. The water of Brookline differs materially from the amber-colored liquid which comes from the faucets in Boston and other neighboring cities. It is clear as crystal, and resembles in appearance the purest spring water. The system of sewage is admirable, and will compare favorably with that of the leading New-England cities; while the streets call for special notice. I know of no other spot where within six square miles it would be possible to find so many miles of beautifully shaded and well-kept streets and roads as in this town. The streets are cleaned and in the summer are kept well-watered by the village. In winter time the sidewalks are cleaned of snow by the town. These things illustrate the general foresight and consideration which mark the liberal management of Brookline, and which it is important that the reader should bear in mind when considering its municipal government.

III.

At a time when other republics have been growing more and more monarchical in character, Switzerland has furnished Europe and the world with a splendid illustration of the possibilities of government conducted on purely republican principles through direct legislation. In that country legislative changes have been more largely in the adaptation of ancient theories of popular government to modern conditions than in radical innovations. Indeed, the government of Switzerland to-day is in many respects very similar to the ancient Saxon ideals, as described by old Roman historians, but so extended and modified as to conform better to modern requirements. In the New-England town meetings we find in satisfactory operation the same principle which on a large scale is being so successfully worked out in Switzerland. Brookline, perhaps, furnishes the best illustration in America of the possibility of direct legislation in municipal government, as will be seen when we come to notice the grave and complex problems which a town of 17,000 is compelled to grapple with.

The Board of Selectmen, who are of course elected by the citizens, are the principal prudential officers of the town. They hold weekly meetings, at which they listen to the suggestions, propositions, and complaints or grievances of such citizens as desire to lay before the board matters in which they have an interest. This body also sends out the warrants, containing announcements of the various town meetings, and setting forth under separate heads the various questions upon which the citizens will be required to vote at the ensuing meeting. These warrants are placed in the homes of all voters several days before the time for the meeting, so that all citizens can fully investigate each proposition and arrive at an intelligent conclusion before the time when he is expected to express his desires. Most of the articles in the warrants are prepared by the selectmen or other town officers, although it is said that frequently other townsmen take the initiative in this matter.

A committee of twenty prominent townsmen assist in facilitating the transaction of the business of the town by examining into the requirements, demands, and propositions, and

then making a clear and concise report to the townsmen before the meeting. Sometimes there are majority and minority reports; and though the recommendations of the committee are usually accepted by the voters at the town meetings, it not unfrequently happens that the vote is not in conformity with the recommendation of the committee. This committee is unquestionably a great aid to both the selectmen and the townsmen, enabling the town to expeditiously handle its rapidly growing volume of business. The fact that no measures are voted on until the reports and warrants have been placed in the homes of the voters from one to two weeks before any action is taken on any question prevents any dark-lantern methods; and as every voter is given the opportunity to speak on any measure, as well as to vote for or against it, the town is brought under a more purely democratic form of government than can be found in most parts of our republic.

Before the annual town meeting, the heads of all departments make out and submit to the board of selectmen full and detailed reports for the past year, together with estimates and suggestions as to needs for the ensuing year. These reports, together with the report of the selectmen, are printed in a volume, which has now grown to be of almost six hundred pages, a copy of which is placed in the home of every voter. It contains the itemized accounts of all expenditures, so that, after close scrutiny of the reports, every voter can at the town meeting interrogate the officials or call for explanation, should anything in the accounts or other part of the records in his judgment call for explanation.

In so far as public servants are concerned, the town of Brookline is run on the same principles as those on which successful men carry on private business enterprises. Those officers who have proved themselves honest, capable, and eminently fitted for their duties are retained in office from year to year. Thus we find that Mr. Benjamin F. Baker, the universally respected town clerk, has held his honorable office acceptably for forty-five years. He has given the best part of a long life to the loyal service of the town which has so long honored him, and it is stated that he is the father of more measures of practical value to the village than any other

of her townsmen. In the present day, when officials are generally surrounded by an army of assistants, who do all clerical work, it is interesting to know that the town clerk of Brookline has for forty-five years preserved the custom of keeping the village records with his own hands. The treasurer of Brookline, Mr. George H. Worthley, has held his office for twelve years; and his predecessor was first elected in 1849. Except for one year, the chairman of the board of selectmen has been a member of the board for thirty years. The townsmen of Brookline have shown great wisdom in keeping politics out of the management of the municipality, and also in retaining in office those servants who have proved exceptionally able and conscientious.

Few if any towns or cities of America can show so creditable a record as Brookline in regard to honesty, wisdom, and economy in the management of public affairs, together with a broad and liberal policy touching all public provisions which affect the well-being and happiness of the community.

It has often been argued by those who distrust the people, that, while the management of a small village, especially if isolated from large cities, could be satisfactorily conducted by the methods of direct legislation, it would be altogether impracticable for a town of ten or twelve thousand people to attempt this simple and primitive method of government, as the problems would be too complex, too serious in character, and too multitudinous, and the expenditure would be so great that it would be neither safe, practical, nor possible to effectually carry out the more ideal theories of direct legislation in municipal government. The management of the town of Brookline furnishes an admirable refutation of this objection. Here is found a population of seventeen thousand persons, wholly surrounded by Boston and Newton, and confronted with the serious problems which cities of similar size have to meet. Indeed, the responsibilities are greater in many ways than those of most cities of from 15,000 to 20,000 inhabitants. Take the question of expenditure, for example. The village has recently voted to appropriate \$250,000, chiefly for public institutions, such as new schoolhouses and a court and police building, while the annual disbursements for public utilities

and service are very great. Then the annual school expenses are over \$125,000. The care, watering, and cleaning of the streets and sidewalks, and also of the parks, and the lighting of the town cost about \$150,000. The water and sewerage departments require over \$70,000; the fire, police, health, and other kindred protective departments call for about \$120,000. The disbursement of all these amounts is so managed that the opportunities for "leaks" usually found in city governments are not found here. The itemized bills of expenditure in the various reports, subject to the careful scrutiny of the voters, who are expected to call for explanation on any point where charges seem too large, serve a wholesome purpose.

It has been argued that the business of a city with a population of 10,000 or more would be cumbersome, that it would be impossible to carry it on expeditiously, if all the people had a direct vote on all important measures; yet here this principle has been in practical operation for nearly two centuries without any inconvenience. Though the town has increased until its population is between 15,000 and 20,000, the work is so systematized that there is practically no more difficulty in carrying on the government expeditiously and satisfactorily than in the old days when the population numbered only hundreds.

Another objection has been, that in a municipality where there is much wealth, the poor would vote heavy burdens on the town, by which the rich would have to pay enormous taxes; or that the rich would band themselves together and so use the public funds as to discriminate against the poor. In Brookline absolutely no spirit of this kind is visible; rich and poor work enthusiastically for the upbuilding of the community. The town is liberal but by no means extravagant, and there is no friction or bitterness. That there are heated and earnest discussions at the town meetings goes without saying, nor could we expect it to be otherwise; but when the vote has been taken, all parties are as one in carrying out the will of the majority, as registered in the large hall, where the poorest voter's voice counts for as much as that of the richest. When dwelling on the great success of the referendum princi-

ple in this town, however, it should be stated that the standard of intelligence is very high, and that the public spirit, or the pride in home government, is very pronounced. The best townspeople are ever ready to give their time, thought, and best energies to furthering any work which the public sentiment calls for, and to which the voters have given their approval.

From what I have seen and learned of the actual working of the referendum principle in municipal governments here and elsewhere, I am convinced that it is not only practical, but imperatively demanded by present conditions if a truly republican form of local government is to be preserved, and if an economical, honest, and disinterested public service is to take the place of ring and boss rule. This is one of the most serious problems which confront urban populations, and I believe that in the village of Brookline will be found a lesson worthy of the thoughtful consideration of serious people. If Brookline has any special message to give to sister municipalities, I think it may be summed up in this sentence: Stimulate public sentiment and the local pride of the citizens in the home government; maintain a high standard of intelligence in the community; and in regard to municipal affairs let the watchword be, Back to the people.

THE ETHICS OF APPLIED MEDICINE.

I. THE MEDICAL TRUST.

BY PROFESSOR T. A. BLAND, M. D.

AMONG primitive peoples medicine and religion are one, the priest and physician being the same person. The medicine man of the Indian tribe is the prophet, priest, and physician of his people.

In the prescientific period of all peoples, health is supposed to be a blessing and disease a curse direct from the gods. Prayers and sacrifices are the means by which the gods are placated. The priest professes to sustain intimate relations to the gods and to have great influence with them. The laity believe this.

When a race progresses out of absolute barbarism, the people begin to doubt the pretensions of the priests, and to question whether or not there may be some relation between disease and physical causes. Medicine and religion begin to be divorced, and the priests and physicians henceforth constitute two classes. The priest professes to understand spiritual things, and the physician assumes to understand physical science. The first is now the physician to the soul; the other is the physician to the body. The one is a doctor of divinity, the other a doctor of medicine. They each constitute a special class or profession, and assume to possess special and exclusive knowledge in their lines, and to be entitled to special privileges and honors. They enforce these claims by the power of organization. They understand the force of the maxim, "In union there is strength."

During the period known as the Dark Ages, one church and one school of medicine held undisputed sway over Europe, and religion and medicine were alike in being base superstitions. Luther started the Reformation that in a measure has disintegrated the church. A century later Paracelsus started a medical revolution which overthrew the Galenic

school and established the present orthodox, or allopathic, sect. Galen claimed to be eclectic, and he used vegetable medicines only. The school founded by him had degenerated greatly; hence Paracelsus had good ground for his denunciations of the practice of that day. But the allopathic school, founded upon his teachings, has been a greater curse to the world than the one he denounced in such strong language.

This "school" of medicine is founded upon the theory of "*Contraria contrariis curantur*," the English of which is, that the way to cure *one* disease is to create *another* disease of a different sort! Mercury, arsenic, antimony, and other mineral poisons were the leading remedies, supplemented by opium and other poisons from the vegetable kingdom, aided in their deadly work by the murderous lancet and the horrible Spanish-fly blister. This was the *popular* medical practice of this country during the early years of the present century.

It was about the year 1812 that Dr. Rush began a lecture to a class of medical students with this startling utterance:

What have we, the medical profession, done for the world? I will tell you what we have done. We have multiplied diseases and increased their mortality.

Thirty years later, Dr. Drake said to his class in the Ohio Medical College:

If any of you entertain the idea that medicine is a science, I am here to tell you that you are laboring under a delusion. Medicine is not a science in any true sense. It is a system of empiricism founded upon a conjectural hypothesis. If you are not a natural physician, all that books and colleges can do for you is to make you a learned quack. Your diploma will simply be a license to commit murders.

The theory of the old school of medicine remains the same to-day. The coal-tar antipyretics, chloral hydrate, anti-toxine, *et id omne genus*, of its present materia medica, are as deadly in their effects as the poisons these drugs have replaced, and they are equally unscientific. Moreover, it is a fact that all the old poisons are still used, though in smaller doses and in different forms. For example, corrosive sublimate has superseded calomel in most cases, and sulphate of morphia, an alkaloid of opium, is used instead of opium.

About a century and a quarter ago, Dr. Brown, an eminent

Scottish physician and medical professor in the University of Edinburgh, presented a new theory of disease and cure, which became quite famous under the title of the Brunonian System. Brown said that the *vis medicatrix naturæ*—the “healing power of nature”—is the true curative force, and that the physician should work in harmony with this force. He denounced the common practice as murderous. Dr. Rush accepted Brown’s theory. Samuel Thomson, whether or not he ever heard of Brown, founded his system of practice upon the same theory. The Brunonian System is represented to-day by the physio-medical school, which ranks in numbers fourth among the medical sects, the eclectic being the third, the homœopathic second, and the allopathic first.

Homœopathy is founded upon the doctrine of “*similia similibus curentur*.” That which, given to a well person, produces certain symptoms, will counteract those symptoms if given to a sick person.

Eclectic medicine has no creed. The school was founded by physicians of the old school who had lost faith in the theory and practice they had been taught, yet who were not prepared to adopt homœopathy or physio-medicalism. The word “eclectic” is from the Greek, “I choose.” The eclectic physician is free to choose. He is bound by no creed; he is not limited to any system of practice.

Physio-medicalism, as its name indicates, is a system of medicine based on physiology. It regards disease as physiological action under abnormal conditions. Nature is always striving to maintain the human system in a state of health or to restore it to that state. The physician, therefore, should be the assistant of nature. This school repudiates poisons of all sorts, vegetable as well as mineral. Its materia medica contains a large list of non-poisonous vegetable medicines; it employs electricity, magnetism, etc.

The Galenic, or regular, school of the olden time, preserved the Hippocratic oath, and each member of the medical profession was obliged to take that oath, by which he bound himself under fearful penalties to hold inviolate the secrets of the profession, and to be true to his professional brethren under all circumstances. The orthodox school of to-day has the

essential principles of that oath embodied in the code of medical ethics which governs all the societies and colleges of that sect, and by which every physician of that sect must be governed, on pain of being branded as a heretic and quack, and of being expelled from his medical society.

It is by this code of ethics that the allopathic physicians of the present day are held in a cabal against all other medical sects. They are forbidden by the code to counsel with physicians of other schools, or to extend to them any professional courtesy, or even to recognize them as physicians. Under the influence of this code, the regulars, so-called, persecuted the Brunonians, Homœopaths, and Thomsonians, during the early years of this century, so violently and viciously, that the common people became aroused to such a point of indignation that they took the matter into politics, and between 1830 and 1836 all the mandatory medical laws in this country were repealed. From that time until the period of our civil war, medical practice was absolutely free. During this period, homœopathy, eclecticism, physio-medicalism, hydropathy, and other reform systems of practice flourished to such an extent that the allopathics perceived that unless this rapidly rising tide of medical progress could be checked, it would engulf them. Their sole hope lay in their ability to secure the enactment of restrictive medical legislation in the various States.

The times for doing this were auspicious; an epidemic of monopolistic class legislation had struck this country, and this terrible economic disease has raged with unabated fury from the war period to the present time, and it is still raging. Congress and various State legislatures spend most of their time in passing bills which are prepared and pressed by paid attorneys and other lobbyists, and which are in the interest of corporations, trusts, or other combines that can afford the expensive luxury of such legislation.

In all cases in which it could succeed without aid, the allopathic medical ring proceeded alone; but where the original promoters of the enterprise failed of their purpose, they invariably made overtures to their old foes, the homœopaths, to join them in a medical trust, outlaw all the other medical sects, and secure to the two sects a legal monopoly of the prac-

tice of medicine. To the disgrace of the homœopaths they joined the trust in various States.

In some of the States the eclectics were dangerously strong, and in such cases they too were invited into the trust. And although a vast majority of eclectics are unalterably opposed to all restrictive medical laws, yet occasionally a president or secretary of an eclectic medical society has been found to join the ring, and, so far as he can do so, commit his society to the interest of the trust, and aid in securing a legal monopoly for the *three* medical sects to the exclusion of all others from the privilege of practising the healing art, unless by a special permit from a board composed of physicians of the three sects constituting the trust.

Under the operation of the laws thus procured it has been declared a crime, punishable by fine and imprisonment, for a physio-medical physician to cure a patient with his non-poisonous vegetable remedies; for a disciple of Priessnitz or Father Kneipp to cure a sick person with water; for a vitalist to heal the sick by the magnetic power that the Nazarene used so successfully in his day; or for the mental healer or Christian Scientist to practise his system for the relief of human suffering.

The pretended object of this medical legislation is to protect the people against quacks. But the real purpose is to protect the physicians who are in the trust from competition with all types of medical reformers, and to enable the members of the trust to charge what they please for their services. The pretence of a wish to protect the people from quacks is refuted on its face, for medicine not being a science, all physicians are quacks. Some are more learned than others, but in the expressive words of Josh Billings, one might with propriety ask, "What's the use of knowing so much, if what you know ain't so?" The absurdity of this pretence is also shown in the fact that none but members of the medical trust ever ask for such legislation. The people at large are opposed to such laws, as is shown by their demand for their repeal in the thirties and by the petitions for their repeal now which are being presented to the legislatures of the various States every year.

Not only are the people at large opposed to such class legislation, but many leading physicians of all schools, including the allopathic, condemn it; and the ablest and most popular medical periodicals of that school, and of the homœopathic, eclectic, and other *new* medical schools, denounce such laws as paternalistic class legislation, inimical alike to freedom and progress. Dr. Rush said: "Laws restricting the practice of the healing art to one class of physicians and denying to others equal privileges, constitute the Bastiles of our science;" and he added, "They are relics of monarchy, vestiges of despotism; hence wholly out of place in a republic."

Dr. Benjamin Waterhouse, of the Harvard Medical College, said: "I am so much disgusted with learned quackery that I have some sympathy with ignorant empiricism;" and he threw the weight of his great influence in favor of the repeal of the old medical laws.

In an editorial on "Paternalism," in the *Medical Brief*, the most popular medical periodical of the old school in the world, I find this strong utterance (see p. 384, March, 1896):

Class legislation, the perverted child of a depraved father, what shall we do with this monster? He threatens to become an old man of the sea on the back of creation. Class laws are made for the benefit of the mediocre, the feeble-minded. The strong do not clamor for law; strength is naturally independent.

In another issue (see p. 50, Jan., 1894) the writer says:

Class legislation is indicative of degeneracy. It is an evidence of selfish egotism and unblushing effrontery. The specious premise that medical legislation is for the welfare of the people is shown to be false by the fact that such requests do not come from the people. To hedge around the practice of medicine with humiliating and expensive restrictions is to announce that certain members of the profession, confident that individual merit would be insufficient to retain them a fair share of practice, desire to limit competition by legislation. Class legislation is an appeal from right to might, and in its train come anarchy and revolution. Let the medical fraternity strive for success upon the basis of individual attainments, and they will not need to appeal for a protection which is degrading and deteriorating in its ultimate workings.

That eminent writer, Dr. J. W. Lockhart, says:

There is growing up in this country a medical oligarchy more dangerous to liberty, more bigoted and intolerant than the Roman hierarchy in its palmiest days. This oligarchy is not the rank and file of the profession, but the self-constituted nabobs, aristocrats, medico-political lobbyists.

Says *The Medical Sentinel*:

These are more dangerous to the profession and the public than all the quacks that ever existed. In this connection note the fact that the so-called quacks of yesterday, the homœopaths, eclectics, etc., are the consorts of the medical lobbyists of to-day.

A U. S. Army surgeon writes me this:

The scoundrel who denies to others the rights and privileges he claims and enjoys himself, is unfit to be recognized by the medical profession.

J. J. Lawrence, A. M., M. D. (see *Medical Brief*, July, 1894, p. 18), says:

Class legislation is one of those noxious weeds which cast their deadly shade between the life-giving sun of individual liberty and the plants which droop and die for lack of its invigorating warmth and light.

A whole number of THE ARENA might be filled with similar quotations from physicians and medical periodicals, and another number with quotations from Herbert Spencer, John Ruskin, Wm. E. Gladstone, and others eminent in philosophy, science, literature, and theology. But we have reached the limit as to space, and can only add that such legislation violates not only the principles of the Declaration of Independence, but the plain provisions of the Constitution. There can be no doubt that, if any one of the restrictive medical statutes should be brought before the United States Supreme Court on a test case, that tribunal would, as in a somewhat analogous case, decide that the legislature had transcended its power as a lawmaking body, and that it is the duty of the Court to declare the act unconstitutional, and therefore null and void.

It is not probable that the people and the progressive physicians will wait for this. The days of all sorts of trusts are numbered. The people have been patient and long-suffering. But the time is near at hand when they will decide that forbearance has ceased to be a virtue. If this paper shall help in even a small way in arousing the attention of the people to the evils of the medical trust, the purpose of the writer will have been accomplished.

II. LEGAL RESTRICTION OF MEDICAL PRACTICE.

BY WILLIAM R. FISHER, A. M., M. D.

THE attack which Doctor Bland has made upon the medical profession of the United States lacks the elements of sincerity and directness. He wages war like the Indian, who lurks in the shadow and trusts to the ambush rather than meet his opponent face to face in the open. He prefers innuendo to a downright accusation, and ambiguous phrase to direct statement. He charges the medical profession with the formation of a Trust, and then shrewdly leaves the public to infer all sorts of evil consequences which, in reality, have no existence. If his paper were to make its appearance in a periodical which circulates solely among physicians, it would receive no attention whatever. Every professional reader can easily see through his plausible sophistries. But through *THE ARENA* he will reach a mixed audience of all sorts and conditions, spreading all over our land, and therefore it is important that his assertions should be answered, his misrepresentations should be corrected, and the true reasons which have led to the enactment of laws for the restriction of medical practice should be plainly laid before the people.

In considering Doctor Bland's paper the reader should keep clearly before him the main issue which the author sets out to establish: namely, the existence of a Medical Trust which has been created since the termination of the civil war. All irrelevant matter should be put to one side and not taken into account. In this way the first half of the article can be promptly disposed of. The rambling introduction, which deals with the medicine of antiquity and the quarrels of diverse schools of medical thought, has very little bearing on the point at issue, although Doctor Bland makes use of it as a screen to hide the real ground of his attack. His pretended sketch of the history of medicine is ludicrous in its inaccuracies. To be told that Paracelsus—the prince of quacks, notwithstanding Robert Browning—has founded a school of

medicine upon the theory of "*contraria contrariis curantur*" is absurd enough; but the Doctor's translation of those Latin words is really more ridiculous than that of the boy who rendered "*arma virumque cano*" as "the man with a dog on his arm." Even historical facts are distorted. Luther (1483-1546) and Paracelsus (1493-1541) were contemporaries, yet the Doctor gravely tells us that they lived a century apart. His assertion that "Luther started the Reformation" is about as accurate as if he had said that George Washington started the American Revolution.

The reader should also set aside the latter portion of the article, which relates in a vague sort of way to "class legislation." Here, as usual, Doctor Bland prefers to deal in generalities. He takes good care not to tell us to what "class" he is referring and about what "legislation" he is complaining. Certainly his few quotations, of questionable origin, standing alone without their context, tell us nothing about the Medical Trust. "Doctor Rush" was not declaiming in the year 1812 about the same grievances that the anonymous U. S. Army surgeon of our own day is supposed to be finding fault with. We must be thankful to Doctor Bland for not continuing his "quotations from Herbert Spencer, John Ruskin, W. E. Gladstone, and others," for the views of these personages upon the condition of legislation in the United States, as regards the practice of medicine, would probably have been as vague and irrelevant to the point at issue as those which he has seen fit to print. Class legislation forsooth! Some class legislation is most salutary to the public welfare. The gentlemen who wear striped clothing and march with locked step to and from their cells object most strongly to legislation which affects their class. The "bunco-steerers," "green-goods men," and sharpers generally protest against it.

No rogue e'er felt the halter draw
With good opinion of the law.

Clearing away the immaterial portion of Doctor Bland's paper, let us take up the small part that remains and see what the Medical Trust really is. And, first, let us glance at the conditions which existed before our civil war, when "medical practice was absolutely free." That was the time when al-

most anybody could practice medicine, without let or hindrance. Even in the best colleges the course of study was very meagre when compared with the curriculum of the medical student of the present day, and an individual, bent on getting the title of Doctor of Medicine merely as a cat's-paw for raking the chestnuts out of the fire, could readily obtain it at very little cost of time or money. It is true that in many States there were no legal regulations for medical practice, but in others there were laws which required each candidate to attend two full courses of lectures before a diploma could be conferred. It was intended that two years should be taken up with these studies. But, to make matters easier, some of the colleges arranged their terms of lectures for the summer months, while others held theirs during the winter; and, by availing himself of this convenient plan, a so-called student was able to attend the two courses of lectures which the law required and yet become M. D. within one year. Although this subterfuge was disgraceful, there was at least a pretence of study on the part of the candidate for a degree. It remained for some unscrupulous knaves to develop a scheme for the disposal of medical diplomas without even this pretence. And this could be done in some of our States, where the methods of the legislative bodies were so lax and careless that designing men were permitted to obtain charters for colleges and to use them as diploma mills. They became so bold and impudent as to offer openly for sale medical degrees without requiring the attendance of the applicants upon any sort of instruction. Even the diplomas of dead men were fixed up and sold again for use by unprincipled buyers. For a consideration a person could go on making shoes for man or beast, could work on the farm, edit a newspaper, or follow whatever calling he might desire, and yet obtain the title of Doctor of Medicine without having opened a medical book or studied a case of disease at the bedside. The whole country swarmed with ignorant, presumptuous, and often unscrupulous medical frauds. Europe also contributed a large number of medical scamps and tramps, who, having been driven out of their own countries, came here to swell the ranks of those who preyed upon a confiding and credulous public.

Such was the condition of affairs in the good old times before the war, and such is the condition to which Doctor Bland with a great outcry about tyranny and liberty, evidently would like to have us return. The inevitable result of such a low standard of medical education and morals was to bring discredit upon the medical profession to that degree that American physicians and surgeons received no recognition beyond our own borders. Good, bad, and indifferent were lumped together, and an American diploma was worthless in foreign countries.

It was at this time, according to Doctor Bland, that the Medical Trust was formed. He tells us that it had its origin in the attempt of the dominant school of medicine (designated by him at different times as regular, orthodox, Galenic, allopathic, old-school) to protect itself against the "rising tide of medical progress" on the part of the homœopaths, the eclectics, and minor medical "sects," during the happy days of freedom. These "flourished" to such an extent that they threatened to "engulf" their great opponent. He then proceeds to tell us that a Trust was formed where the losing side was able to take in the victorious opposition and still maintain the mastery of the situation! If this be true Wall Street has something yet to learn about Trust-making from the doctors.

The object of the Medical Trust, he says, is to restrict the number of physicians and to prevent the public from availing themselves of the services of "all types of medical reformers." Who are these medical reformers that are debarred from practice? In what does their reform consist? Doctor Bland does not tell us that; but once more, with misty verbiage, he clouds his real motive and leaves the uninitiated reader to infer that a majority of physicians are seeking by unjust laws to injure many worthy members of their own profession. Nothing could be more foreign to the truth. A combination of physicians does exist, and it is much more extensive and far-reaching than Doctor Bland is willing to admit. It does not suit his purpose to let the people know how widespread is its influence and how beneficent its purposes. He does not tell them that it represents an overwhelming array of the rank

and file of the medical profession—the army that keeps up a ceaseless fight against disease and suffering. He does not let them know that everyone who is ready to enlist in the good cause may fight under its flag.

This combination did not have its origin in the low and mercenary motives which Doctor Bland chooses to ascribe to it. When the medical profession was at its lowest grade, owing to the absence of proper legal restrictions, a resolute attempt on the part of a few to better the deplorable conditions was met with hearty approval. Happily for the good name of our country and the welfare of our people the true men and women of the medical profession have not been influenced by the motives which appear to actuate Doctor Bland. The movement for reform in medical education began at once to enlist the sympathy and support of high-minded physicians in all the so-called schools. Little by little the work has gone on. To further its advance old quarrels have been reconciled and opposing interests have been conciliated to a degree that at one time seemed to be unattainable. Men who a few years ago were wrangling among themselves about theoretical questions, have agreed to set aside their differences of opinion that they may join together in a practical effort to raise the standard of medical education in the United States to the high position which it holds in other civilized countries.

This united action on the part of the physicians, irrespective of the schools, to elevate the dignity of their calling and to protect the public from half-educated doctors as well as unprincipled quacks, Doctor Bland sees fit to call "The Medical Trust." He is at liberty to call it what pleases him, but it will take more than a slurring epithet to stir up popular prejudice against legal restrictions which have been enacted in the interests of the people.

The legal requirements for the practice of medicine vary a good deal in the several States and Territories of the Union.* Much has been accomplished to improve the condi-

*"State Requirements for the Practice of Medicine." By Charles McIntyre, A. M., M. D., Easton, Pa. 1897; "Bulletin of the American Academy of Medicine," February, 1898.

tions which formerly obtained, and there is good reason to hope that a time will come when a uniform system of laws will govern medical practice throughout the country. The tendency is upward. At the beginning of the present year the territory of Alaska was the only portion of the United States where there was no law of any kind touching this subject. The conditions are not much better in Idaho, Kansas, Michigan, Nevada, and Wyoming; for, in each of these, a mere registration of any sort of a diploma, with a county clerk, is all that is required to enable anyone to enter upon the practice of medicine. Idaho remains in this lowest rank on account of a technical error which prevented the adoption of the excellent medical law that her legislature attempted to put into operation last year. In California, Kentucky, Nebraska, Ohio, South Dakota, and Texas there are State Boards of Examiners whose duty it is to examine the diplomas of all applicants for the right to practise. They may reject diplomas for cause, but they are not authorized to test the qualifications of applicants by examination. The next class, in order of advance, comprises Arkansas, Colorado, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Missouri, New Mexico, Oklahoma, Rhode Island, Vermont, and Wisconsin. In these the holders of certain specified diplomas are admitted to practice without question, and other candidates for the privilege may obtain the right by passing an examination. Lastly comes a list of twenty-seven States that have adopted the best system that has yet been devised: Alabama, Arizona, Connecticut, Delaware, District of Columbia, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Mississippi, Montana, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina, North Dakota, Oregon, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, Tennessee, Utah, Virginia, West Virginia, Washington. The details of the methods employed vary to some extent, but the essential features of the laws are the same. All candidates, without regard to particular schools or systems of practice, are required to submit to the same educational tests. Diplomas must be submitted to the Examining Boards as evidence of study, and in addition every candidate must undergo an examination.

This system is rapidly growing in favor, for under its rule all are treated alike. Four States have adopted it during the past year, and it is to be hoped that it will ultimately be in force all over the Union. When a uniform system of laws shall govern medical practice throughout the country, these State examinations may no longer be necessary; for a diploma issued in any one State will then command unquestioned respect everywhere. But now, while the differences in the requirements of the several States are so great, and while the "old-fashioned" diplomas are still in use, such examinations are necessary in those States which have adopted the high standard of education for medical practitioners.

It appears then that the restrictive medical laws relate alone to matters of education, and do not deal with particular theories of practice or systems of treatment. The law simply requires each physician to qualify for professional work by public examination as to general knowledge and proficiency, and commands that no others shall practise medicine professionally. But Doctor Bland asserts that,

Under the operation of the laws thus procured it has been declared a crime, punishable by fine and imprisonment, for a physio-medical physician to cure a patient with his non-poisonous vegetable remedies; for a disciple of Priessnitz or Father Kneipp to cure a sick person with water; for a vitapathist to heal the sick by the magnetic power that the Nazarene used so successfully in his day; or for the mental healer or Christian Scientist to practise his system for the relief of human suffering.

This is a bold statement. It is the kernel of his article: all the rest is merely husk and padding. Upon this he relies to rouse up popular resentment and to prejudice legislators against the cause of the higher medical education. Here, again, with ambiguous phrase, yet showing plainly the animus which has prompted him throughout his crafty attack, he seeks to mislead the unguarded reader into a pitfall of deception. This skilfully constructed paragraph is intended to convey to the popular mind the impression that legislative acts have been passed, at the instigation of an intolerant, bigoted, and persecuting combination of medical men, to define what remedies may be used by physicians and to restrict them in their methods of practice. He does not say this openly, but it is easy to see what he intends his readers to

infer. He gives no reference to any statute in any State in the Union to bear up this pretence, for the very good reason that there is no law in existence anywhere in this country which restricts a physician in the legitimate exercise of his profession in any way, concerning the use of any remedy, medicine, or method of treatment. For every physician is left in perfect freedom to choose and use whatever means he thinks will best serve the interests of those who are under his professional care. Any and every remedy may be used, if used with knowledge, sincerity, and honest purpose. The law compels no one to employ a physician, but it prohibits everyone from assuming the office of a physician without due preparation and the license of the state. The law prevents by fine and imprisonment, if need be, the untrained enthusiast, the crank with only one remedy for every disease, and the cunning quack, for the same reason that it restrains an ignorant man from undertaking to manage a steam-engine: namely, for the protection of human life. But every qualified physician, no matter what the nominal adherence to this or that "school" or "pathy" may be, is absolutely free to do that which he or she is bound by conscience to do: to use that means, for the relief of suffering and disease, which knowledge and experience may teach each one to be the best. To further this end, let the people welcome restrictive legislation which aims to drive out ignorance, superstition, and imposture, and hasten the time when a liberal education shall be the criterion of every physician in the land.

Ignorance is the curse of God;

Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven.

THE EMPLOYMENT OF CONVICT LABOR IN MASSACHUSETTS.

BY DR. JOHN THOMAS CODMAN.

INTO the councils of the staid old Commonwealth of Massachusetts the Governor has flung an apple of discord that will stir up more controversy among the people than anything that has come before them of late years; for, mixed up with its prudential and financial considerations are humane and social ones about which men have differed and quarrelled for centuries, and over which battles have been fought and may yet be renewed before their final settlement. But if the questions involved are to be settled at some time, no loyal citizen of the State should quarrel as to the nearness of the hour at which he may be called on to array himself on the side he thinks right, and cast his ballot for that measure which he believes to be the most just, rational, and humane. Then, without further delay, let the question be settled by sober thinking, cool reasoning, wisely, and without appeal to passion or prejudice.

In questions of state policy, broad and comprehensive views should be taken. Individual bias should be laid aside, and the good of the whole community, not that of any one class, be put uppermost. This is claimed to be a progressive age; but there can be no progress without change, and every change will incommode you, or me, or some one else. Let us argue, then, not from any fancied hurt to ourselves, but from the average gain to the body politic.

With labor irritated by lower wages occasioned by the ever-increasing number of labor-saving machines, by the multiplicity of combinations made to economize time, by being forced to keep pace with the relentless and rapid motions of iron and steel automatons, the laborers have been seemingly finding themselves more and more bound as in the coils of an enormous python that embraces not only one man and his sons, but whole households of sons and daughters of toil. So

sensitive have the laborers become, so surely seems it to them that slipping away from them are not only all the prizes of life, but even the chances of earning what they have ever considered their right, that is, a full cupboard of plain food at all times, that they have felt obliged to drive all intruders from those fields of labor which they have considered their own.

Everywhere is labor striving to drive out competition. At our seaports stand the minions of the law, keeping a sharp watch that the ambitious poor from other countries shall be excluded from this land, which to them and to us once seemed "God's acres," but which is now designated by us as "*our own country*." All along the frontier stand guardsmen keeping back the sons of Confucius. The Argus eyes of toil have sought out and found competitors in the prisons of the land, and the toilers demand that they shall have the work which men who have violated the law have been doing.

Listening to this demand the Massachusetts legislature has of late years passed laws annulling the right formerly given to make contracts for the employment of the prisoners in our penal institutions. Such contract labor is now forbidden, and all contracts have been closed except those not yet run out—all but for cane-seating chairs and making umbrellas. To have been consistent the State should have closed them all. Then it could have been said that the prisoners were entirely without employment. Now it can be said that they have something to do; they can cane-seat chairs and make umbrellas—the 3,000 prisoners who are, or were, working at remunerative wages during the past years all cane-seating chairs and making umbrellas! What a competitor it makes of them in those lines of business! At a glance it will be seen that such labor is a mere subterfuge for genuine employment, and that the vast majority of the prisoners can have nothing either useful or remunerative to do, but must remain in sheer idleness locked up with their uncomfortable thoughts.

In the Annual Report, for 1897, of the General Superintendent of Prisons of Massachusetts, Mr. Frederick G. Pettigrove makes this important statement:

It is difficult to find new work, and it seems likely that, unless some

public employment is provided, it will be utterly impossible to keep the prisoners out of idleness. It is not necessary to repeat the arguments that have been published year after year against the policy of making the prisons a refuge for idlers. Every person will admit that some form of work is absolutely essential to protect the interests of society. Aside from any humane consideration for individual prisoners, there is the strongest possible reason for keeping them at work in order to avoid doing a great injury to the community. If men are made worse by being sent to prison, a great harm is done to the state; and they will be made worse if a former habit of idleness is encouraged and strengthened, or if that habit is formed by a hitherto industrious man from the condition of the prison to which he is unfortunate enough to be committed.

This then is the problem presented to the State legislature: how to employ the unemployed prison-bound men and women who languish in health and spirits in our penitentiaries.

A glance at the map of Massachusetts will show that the State has in its southeastern portion a long peninsula of low land, sandy and marshy, interspersed with ponds and creeks, and somewhat sparsely populated. This peninsula, which is sixty-five miles long, makes a long, narrow arm from one to twenty-five miles wide that stretches far to the eastward and then bends northerly at an irregular elbow, the peninsula embracing a large body of water, and forming a southern and eastern barrier to the Atlantic Ocean, behind which are the calmer waters of the great bay. This bent arm is Cape Cod. At the western extremity of Massachusetts Bay lies Boston, sheltered by many islands and headlands that make its beautiful harbor. It is a long sail around the Cape, oftentimes rough, foggy, and dangerous, especially in the winter season. In twenty-seven years, from 1843 to 1870, 1,444 vessels were wrecked. Six hundred lives and millions of tons of coal have been lost along Cape Cod. Products pass around it to the north and east every year, and the tonnage is met by return cargoes weighty and valuable. Why not cut a canal across the narrow Cape and save a large outlay of lives, of time, and of merchandise?

Again and again has this question been asked. Numerous surveys have been made, plans have been drawn, and labors have been commenced, but timid capital has as often asked, Will it pay dividends commensurate with the risk run? and has as often failed to respond to calls. This question of doubt

still remains; but were the State to wait for all its improvements until these could pay to private speculators the price asked by capital, it would be a laggard in the march of improvement. Thoughtful men, with the Governor in the lead, have put the two problems together and have asked the legislature the pertinent question, Why not have the State employ idle prisoners in this important work, and with their help make this long-desired improvement?

There are many reasons why the State should build such a canal besides the shortening of the distance from one great commercial centre to another. It would afford a convenient shelter for storm-driven vessels, lessen the cost of transportation, and be of great advantage in time of war. Suffice it to say that the State needs it, and that it would be for the sure advantage of the State to build it. For more than two hundred years the project of the canal has been mooted in the commonwealth. The distance gained between Boston and New York would be from ninety-six to one hundred and forty miles. In the year 1870, 40,000 vessels passed around the Cape in daylight.

But the question of its cost is one that legislators should consider. It is a crime when they put their hands into the pockets of the people—the State treasury—and recklessly take money for any purpose,—a crime of the same character as that perpetrated where an individual deals unwarrantably with private funds. In no way could the canal work be done more cheaply than by using the proposed laborers, for in that way a large saving of the people's money could be effected.

The proposition made to the State legislature is a novel one in Massachusetts. In that State all forms of the public exposure of criminals were long ago relegated to darkness. The pillory, stocks, whipping-post, chain-gang, and the burnings have been discarded, and that last remnant of barbarism, rope-hanging, has been driven from gallows hill and the public common to behind the stone walls of county jails.

Honestly, the new proposition strikes many with horror. Even the thought of working criminals on the highway roils up the blood of some of the descendants of the Pilgrims. Visions of emaciated men dragging ball and chain at their

ankles, while a taskmaster stands over them with a whip-lash and pistol ready to beat or shoot the unwilling captive of the law if he breaks for liberty, already haunt their dreams by night and their thoughts by day, and they fear that there may be a backward march of the people towards the olden days when black slavery soiled our nation's flag. Such fears are vain; that past condition has gone forever. When Massachusetts gives her criminal wards an occasional glimpse of the clear sky, the blue waters, and the green grasses, and a chance to toil instead of the sorrow of idleness, social insanity, and the gray walls of dingy prisons, it will be a great, an immeasurable step in the progress of humanity, especially if she does it under proper safeguards and as a reward for good behavior elsewhere.

From the statement of plans unofficially made before the joint committees of harbors, public lands, and prisons, on February 8th, 1898, it appears that Willard Howland, petitioner, said that he would not employ the dangerous classes, but rather those whose offences were comparatively trivial,—those, for instance, who are sent to Deer Island for periods of from thirty to sixty days. Mr. Howland believed in creating a sentiment which would lead to the voluntary offer of labor by the convicts; he did not think it would be wise to change legislation so as to force a sentenced man to labor whether he wished it or not. He also said that he would not have men sentenced to labor on the Cape Cod canal, but would hold out to them the opportunity for such labor as a reward for good behavior while in prison.

To those who object to the sight of criminals working in open daylight, let me say that there can be no harm in it. Would to God that every criminal could be shown at such work, every drunkard, every pander to vice and crime. With these men exposed to the daylight I believe that the indifference which society now manifests towards the woes of others would soon begin to abate. Is the experience the State has had with open barrooms of any value? Would it be well to put up the shutters again and cover up the sin? No. It was the beginning of an ideal society, when "all things that are hidden shall be revealed."

Opposition strong and inflexible will come from the so-called workingmen. You should not, they will urge, give work to criminals when honest men are wanting it. This will be the rallying cry, but it will be no new one. Indeed, this was the main objection at the bottom of the movement that deprived the prisoners of work. There is a semblance of truth in it, and to many it appears to be the strongest argument against the employment of convicts. On the other hand, however, though the employment of all the idle workingmen in the State, by the State, would add to its wealth in an astonishing degree, neither the State nor the people are yet prepared for so radical a movement. The position of the State authorities appears to be this: they have been given charge of the indigent, the paupers, the insane, and the criminals. It is their duty to take care of these classes and to protect them to the best of their ability; to do nothing that can injure them in any way, and to deal righteously with them. Nothing has been done for centuries to alter or impair this relation; rather has it become stronger with time. But no change of the ordinary policy in relation to the physically strong man who happens to be out of work is recognized. He must hustle for himself, fight the wolf of hunger himself, and keep an eye out for that chance to get rich which is said to come to every man once in a lifetime. Therefore the State may have a right to give work to criminals, when it has not as yet the power to give it to all men out of work. This, I maintain, is just. The State, however, has no right to injure its honest citizens by giving to criminals work which those honest citizens need.

But the State has a right to *make* work for any or all of its inhabitants, honest or criminal. And here is where the petitioners for the employment of prisoners on the Cape Cod canal have justice on their side, for the work the prisoners are to do will not be done by anyone else. Time has proved this, for one hundred years have passed since the first application for a charter by private persons, and the canal is still unbuilt; and the prospect of its being constructed by private enterprise seems more remote than ever. —Whereas, if at the end of a specified period—two years, or ten, or twenty—the

State becomes the owner of a valuable ocean-way built by convicts who otherwise would have been idle, there will be a clear gain. To whom? To the State and to the very same poor men and others who now oppose the State's building it in this way. That is, the canal will become a part of the untaxable property of all the citizens, workingmen included, and the profits arising from its use will go into the coffers of the State.

The proposition, in brief, is this: given a certain number of idle men whose labor costs nothing, can the commonwealth make valuable use of them? Given a number of slaves whom their masters must keep at the expense of the community, can they be employed so as to defray the cost of their keep and yet not bring their labor into competition with that of free men. They can, and the Cape Cod canal is the work to try the experiment on. For the time being a convict is a slave of the State. He has been deprived of his liberty and his citizenship, and only at the end of his convict term does he become free and have his citizen rights restored.

But to adopt the proposition the State must change its former policy; it did in fact change it when it cast out its former contract system, and this is now necessitating other changes. It must broaden its views on the subject of the labor of its wards, and indeed on the whole subject of the unemployed. The State represents an enlarged family. Given, on the one side, a number of its children out of work and asking simply for food and shelter, and, on the other, a nation with unlimited food acres and unlimited wants,—did we but look at this subject with clear eyes and from a universal standpoint, we should see that the laborer earns more than his paltry keep, and that his surplus earnings beyond that cost are a clear gain to the State, and it would be not only one waterway that we should be building, which is a necessity, but roads, parks, gardens, gymnasia, bath-houses, vessels, and other things convenient and luxurious which should belong to a rich state as honestly as they belong to private individuals, because they would in the end cost nothing.

Few of our people seem to care to understand these problems. The study of the present one will be a great help towards the solution of the greater problem, What shall the

State do in the future with all its idle workers? Meanwhile this present subject looms up before the people. Will they decide it with cool, clear-headed judgment? Alas, it is to be feared they will not, for already, before the details of the plan have been presented to the State councils, some of the newsmongers are manufacturing prejudice in advance, and forestalling public opinion by articles written against the supposed plan. It will be an evil day for the commonwealth of Massachusetts should honest endeavors for the good of the State's prisoners, and, through them, of the State itself, be turned into partisan channels, and there suffer shipwreck. Let us hope that wiser counsels will prevail.

THREE EPOCHS OF DEMOCRACY AND THREE MEN.

BY JOHN CLARK RIDPATH.

DEEP down among the forces and principles which control human society is one profound problem which civilization has not yet been able to solve. It is the question of Democracy *versus* Empire. Which shall it be?

This all-important issue turns upon a fundamental difference in the beliefs and desires of mankind. There is one human theorem which runs in this wise: Man is a being to be governed. His faculties and activities are of a kind to lead him to self-destruction *unless* he be curbed in and repressed by some force outside of himself and greater than himself. Man is not a spontaneous and original source of power and authority, but is by nature only a *subject* of power and authority. For this purpose came he into the world. He was designed not for himself, but as the material for the building of a structure. He was made to be organized into a society—a state—by a force outside of himself. Over this society and state a government must hold the sceptre. This government is something from without. It does not have its rise in the purposes and desires and free wills of men themselves; but it is an entity contrived and set over them. It is not an earthborn but a heavenborn institution. It is not a man-created but a God-created concern existing in itself and for itself as an end.

Therefore—continues the Imperialistic theorem—government is best when it keeps mankind in order; that is, when it keeps them down. It is greatest when it prevents the natural expansion and inborn activities of the race. It is not only a self-existing, but also a self-perpetuating fact. It is a sacred thing; for it teaches mankind to say that it is sacred. Its sacredness is written in books. Even in enlightened ages it continues to say that it has a divine origin and a divine right to exist.

This "divine fact" called government is generally resident in the will and caprice of a person called a king; but it may exist under any other garb and mask. It may call itself a prince, an emperor, a czar, a shah, a mikado, a sultan, a president, a speaker of the House of Representatives. Whatever it is, and in whatever shape it comes, whether it be angel or devil, its peculiarity is that it exists and maintains itself and exercises its authority *outside of and upon* the people who are governed.

The theorem continues thus: Government is not of the people, but apart from them. It begins not in the hearts and hopes of them, but in its own passions and ambitions. It is a thing of crown and sceptre. Sometimes the crown is visible, and sometimes it is invisible. Sometimes the sceptre is of iron, sometimes of gold, and sometimes of bamboo; sometimes it is a gavel! We may sum it all up by calling it the imperial principle of human government.

Did space permit I should gladly summarize the work of this monstrous thing among the nations of the earth. History is replete with the story of the abuses, cruelties, and tyrannies of the fact called government. It is composed also of the ignorance, superstition, and horrid profanation of the truth done in the name of government. It is composed of the mockery and shame and blood reflected from the face of government. It is composed of the idleness and gluttony and war with which government has been mostly occupied. It is composed of the inhumanity and cunning and mock-religion which government has practised. It is composed of the insatiable ambition and gilded pretence and pampered obesity which have been the most conspicuous signs of government. Government has killed one-third of mankind, starved another third into spectres, and reduced the remaining third to slavery.

The other opinion of human society runs precisely counter to the first. The Democratic theorem regards man as a governing and not as a governed creature. It sees in mankind the ability and purpose of self-direction. It looks upon every man as a self-controlling creature. It sees in him the germinal forces out of which all of the civilized and progressive

forms of society have sprung. It beholds him as a sensible being capable of attending to his own affairs. It regards him as intelligently concerned about his own business and able to manage his own business, or to appoint some one to manage it for him without the interference of any. It considers man as the greatest fact, and indeed the only important fact in the world. It looks upon the outspread domains of the civilized life as only the scene of man's spontaneous activities.

Democracy regards a man as of more importance than any temple or palace that was ever built. It contemplates the human being as the very first concern, and all other facts as secondary. It confides in man to construct a society and to administer it according to the suggestions of the society itself. Of government as an extraneous entity—as a fact imposed upon the race without the race's consent—it knows nothing whatever. Of kings and princes and czars and emperors and all their retinue this theory takes no cognizance—except to recognize such monstrous facts as somehow obtruded into the otherwise happy sphere of human life.

Such is the theory of Democracy. It asserts self-government as a function, a prerogative of every man and of all men. The majority is its method; but every man participates. Democracy teaches that every tribe of human beings is capable of conducting its own affairs, and that even barbarians emerging into the civilized life emerge best and most rapidly under the action of the very laws that are in themselves. Democracy holds to the evolutionary process. It has a substantial faith that a man concerned about his own welfare will do his best. If he wants to learn anything, he will try to learn it; if he needs experience, he will seek it. If he blunders, he will get the consequence. If he succeeds, he will take the credit. If he makes for himself a great and prosperous society, that society will belong to him and to his fellows "by entiresities," as they say in a certain kind of deed.

Democracy holds that it is capable of taking care of itself. It asserts its right to have whatever it produces. It is quick to claim the fruits of its ambitions, and is brave enough to take the bitter medicine of its own follies. All that Democracy asks is a free field of action and exemption from the

spoiler's hand. All that it asks is that it may have a place to work in, to think in, to grow in—a place from which, as a vantage-ground, it may conquer nature and subject the otherwise uncurbed passions and impulses that are in itself. As for kings and emperors—as for every form of arbitrary rule and every political contrivance which sets itself up to exist without labor and to support itself by the spoliation of mankind—Democracy will have nothing of it.

This principle has been the social and political torchlight of the world. Everything that is great and worthy in the public history of mankind—great and worthy in the sense of being a spiritual and regenerative force—has sprung from the principle of Democracy. The Empire never made anything. The Empire tends constantly to destroy all things that are worthy of preservation. It begins by destroying man. It takes his body and uses it for the concrete under palaces and temples. It robs the nations in order to amass a treasury, and sacrifices millions in order to erect a tomb. Democracy, on the other hand, strikes a spark in the human heart. The spark becomes a feeble light and then a glowing coal. The coal warms and presently flames through all the faculties. Then is seen on the human brow the light of prophecy, and then are heard on the human tongue the cadences of oratory and the magnificent hexameters of the epic. Democracy has been the social and germinal life of whatever is good and inspiring in civilization, and the Empire has been the bane and destroying force in every age of the world and in every condition of mankind.

Between these two theorems of human society there is a great gulf. The Democrat and the Imperialist differ from each other by a whole horizon. It is doubtful whether they have any character in common. I am not sure that they can ultimately coexist in the world. It seems to me that the strife between these two, the battle of the Democrat and the Imperialist, is a joust to the finish—a fight that can end only in the extermination of the one or the other. For myself, I am willing that it shall be so. I cannot see any good to arise from the long continuance of a dubious and uncertain contest and the balancing of irreconcilable forces. No hypocritical

treaty of compromises between these two antagonists, standing as they do stand face to face on the battle plain of human history, can bring a permanent peace.

Behold these two—the Democrat and the Imperialist! Their swords are drawn; they look each other steadily in the eye. In the deep-down consciousness of each is a knowledge that either one or the other must go to the wall. Be it so. Let no man suppose that a stable equilibrium will ever be obtained in the world until the world shall be either democratic or imperial. The world will be ultimately either China or Greece. It will be either Persia or Switzerland. It will be either the dominion of Genghis Khan or the dominion of old Ben Franklin. Be it so. Let the world belong either to Genghis Khan or to Franklin. Let it belong either to Tamerlane or to Lincoln. Let it be either Hindustan or Kansas.

One of my objects in presenting this paper is to insist that all intermediary and go-between philosophy, all halting between the principle of Democracy and the principle of Imperialism, shall get out. Let every creature who will try to patch a compromise between them get up from his place in the Senate house of Liberty and like Catiline sneak away. No man can be a Democrat *and* an Imperialist. No man can serve God *and* mammon. It is the language of the old Hebrew book. No man can have two masters; he will love the one and hate the other. It is high time that the social and political nondescripts who spend their time in trying to make one thing out of another thing, who try to evolve a self-existing government that shall get up galvanically and live and devour like the monster of Frankenstein, should rise and depart forever.

Let us have done with this infantile method of looking at human affairs. If we have become men let us agree to be the one thing or the other thing. Let us agree to be either Democrats or Imperialists. Let us agree that Democracy shall be established and accepted in one country and in all countries, or let us agree to have back the good old Thing, and accept that as the best we can do. Let us agree, in a word and finally, that man is capable of governing himself, and that he *shall* govern himself; or let us bow our heads and agree that

he is not capable of self-government and that he shall not try. Let us agree to have a Democracy which is actual in its ends and aims and methods, which assumes all responsibilities and blinks none; or else let us go back to some good ancient wooden-headed imperial sire who will wear a crown and carry a sword and do the business for us.

For myself, I believe that Democracy is born; and I agree with Carlyle that Democracy being born will, like a whirlwind, envelop the earth. My reason for this faith is that, with the variable progress of human society, whenever a strong and capable race tends for a while in the direction of Imperialism, it weakens; then suddenly recovers itself by the shock of revolution and goes back to the democratic basis. Then it begins the battle over again. For a while the regenerated society remains free and sublime. Then it begins to get strong and commercial and autocratic; and with that it seeks to strengthen the thing which it calls its government. It begins to glorify its government, and to praise the government for what the government does not do, but is rather done in spite of its menace and pressure.

Time and again this aspect of affairs has returned to plague and perplex mankind. Time and again some race has revolutionized itself and started on a new and glorious career of evolution—all this only to be thwarted and brought back again to those very abusive conditions which had been reformed or wholly cast away. Then the whole work has to be done anew. There is an epoch of agitation. Reform begins to cry aloud, and then the existing order begins to lie. The outcry on the one side and the lying on the other continue until the clash comes. A storm of violence ensues, and again Democracy emerges, and for a season enjoys the air, the sunshine, and the rain.

What I have thus far presented is introductory to some reflections which I wish to offer to the readers of *THE ARENA* on three epochs in the history of American Democracy, and to three personal forces which have appeared in leadership in the times referred to.

In the first place our old American colonies were democratic. Every one of them was established by people who

had broken with the existing order and had crossed the sea to get away from it. Our old thirteen seashore republics were created by men. They were built out of the nature of things, on the bed rock of humanity and equality. There was even an element of fraternity among our fathers. If their local prejudices separated them, they were nevertheless within their various communities bound by the strong ties of brotherhood. All of the attempts at aristocratic organization among them were imported from over the sea. In a few cases big constitutions were prepared and shipped across; but the colonists looked upon these paper models with the same derisive interest which they would have had for Burmese elephants browsing in their tobacco patches.

Meanwhile the humble fathers went to work and laid the foundations of a true republican democracy. On this they built; and at length when they had made something worth having, and when the mother country undertook to get that something away without an equivalent, our patriot ancestors revolted, and fought, and won their independence. Memorably, when the fathers undertook this work they prepared a Declaration setting forth the indisputable rights of man. They issued a document which was fit to be the admiration of the world. There has never been prepared and given forth another such parchment of human freedom and hope.

Our Declaration of Independence had absolutely the true ring. In most particulars it was radical and thorough. They who prepared it declared the rights of man to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, but they failed to discover the intolerable abuses that would ultimately arise from the feudal system of land tenure in America. Failing in this respect the committee said nothing about it; hence "all our woe, with loss of Eden." But we succeeded in gaining our independence, and after the treaty of 1783 our subordination to a European power was not any longer to be apprehended.

Almost immediately after the acknowledgment of American independence a reaction came on in the colonies against that very democracy which had been the inspiring force of the revolution. The old European instincts in the people, developed through several centuries of monarchical training and

now relieved from fear, revived somewhat, and the American planters of the South and the merchants of New England began to agree that a return through certain stages towards a moderate monarchy would be a salutary thing for the new nation. It was under the influence of these sentiments that the new Republic was formed. The reviving sympathy for monarchy and the satisfied instincts of democracy came together in the compromise of 1787, and the American Union was the result.

This American Union was neither the one thing nor the other thing. It was a halt between the two. In it democracy found a measure of expression. In it also the principles of a latent imperialism were scattered as seeds to grow or to wither according to the exigencies of the future. During the first two administrations these seeds of so-called "strong" institutions were cultivated more than the germs of democracy. It could hardly be said whether Washington was more of a democrat or an aristocrat. He had in him both elements and both instincts. That he was a patriot to the bone and marrow of him let no one question. But federalism as a principle tended away from democracy and towards the centralization of authority. Federalism tended to usurp. It tended to make government an entity; to impose it as a garment on the people to whom it was to be fitted according to the will and purpose of the governing power. True, men are not always conscious of what they do. Indeed they are seldom conscious of what they do. Neither should an after age judge the men of a former age with severity, but rather with abounding sympathy and confidence.

The Federal fathers got a dread of democracy at the close of the century whose last quarter they had made glorious by a successful revolution. Just one hundred years ago these Federal fathers were doing their best in the new American Union to trammel up the work of democracy, to regulate it, and reduce it somewhat to the European patterns of politics and progress. True it is that under such direction as that of the first President this work could never do great hurt. The sterling patriotism and unblemished purity of Washington sufficed to hold back the monarchical tendencies from fatally

infecting our new institutions. Under his successor, however, the reins of this restraint were loosed a little, and the last administration of the old century was an epoch altogether unfavorable to the democratic cause.

It was at this juncture that that remarkable personage, Thomas Jefferson, reappeared on the scene. He came back out of officialdom to be an expositor of the very principles which he had so fearlessly set forth in the immortal document a quarter of a century before. Whatever had been the intervening vicissitudes, Jefferson had changed not. Whatever had been the timeserving and twist of the rudder, Jefferson had neither served nor twisted. He had kept his helm set through all the breakers. Through the political fogs that covered the sea his eye saw ever the headlight of the Nave-sink. As a leader of the old war-worn democracy of the Revolution he came forth in a contest for the *restoration* of that democracy to the foreplace in American affairs.

The political contest of 1800 had this significance: it was a field battle of democracy with the centralizing tendency of the new government and of the party with whom this tendency was the prevailing motive of action. There has never been in our country a more important decision recorded at the polls than that by which Thomas Jefferson, in the first year of the century, became President of the United States. It was a fitting thing that the writer of the Declaration of Independence should at last, in his democratic way, ride up to the presidential mansion, like the plain man that he was, hitch his own horse, and make ready, without the presence of a cavalcade of office-seekers, to take the oath and enter upon his duties as chief executive of a democratic nation.

Thomas Jefferson was perhaps the most rational democrat that ever lived. He had in him the true mixture of sentiment and fact; the true combination of political theory and practical adaptation. He was a man of the people. Though well-bred and well-educated, though well-practised in the duties of professional and public life, though well-trained with public experience in his own and in foreign countries, he nevertheless remained to the day of his death both the exemplar and the champion of true democracy. Before his presence the

sham respectabilities of political life went back abashed. He arrested with a strong hand the centralizing tendency. The sprouting germs of monarchical institutions ceased to grow in the chill of his aura. There was not very much of "your excellency," and "your honor," and "your highness" in Jefferson's administration. He regarded himself as the representative of the people. He was the unfaltering defender of both the principle and the fact of local self-government. He inculcated constantly the doctrine that the general government is a government of delegated powers. Whether these powers were delegated by the States or by the people of the States he did not much concern himself to decide. But he did decide that the American system is a system of authorities, derived, not from its own inherent right to exist, but from the power by which it is constituted; namely, the American people.

For eight years Jefferson conducted the administration on this principle. By the close of the twentieth year of the republic he had completely arrested the evil tendency which had appeared. Than this no man ever performed for his people a more salutary office. No man ever stood in the breach and took more bravely the contumelious blows of his adversaries than did Thomas Jefferson, the Father of American Democracy, in the eight-year period of his presidency. By this policy he gave democracy in these States a respite and new life. He prevented the government from gravitating further in the direction of European sentiments and methods. He stayed the fight; he restored the respectability of those radical forces which had prevailed at the outbreak of the Revolution, and without which the Revolution never could have been. He went out of power with a consistent and glorious record. His genius made him conspicuous among the leaders of the age of Revolution. His patriotism has remained unchallenged to this day. His democracy has never been questioned. His hatred of imperialism was as profound as the salt sea. His antagonism to all monarchical institutions was as fierce as his exposure of the sham and despotism of those institutions was scathing and unanswerable.

Jefferson was a logician. He went down to the bottom of

things. He would have bed rock on which to stand. He made humanity the basis of his theorem and the motive of his political life. Among the sons of men none other ever so ably and radically defended the doctrine of human equality. He possessed the sentiments of Rousseau, combined with the logic of Franklin and the patriotic devotion of Washington.

The fame of political leaders is generally evanescent. A majority of those who have led in the civil contests by which the current aspects of public life are determined have tumbled from the pedestals on which the passing times once placed them, and on the morrow, they, like the image of Dagon, lie prone and broken in the corridors of History. In many cases the character and work of such leaders have been changed from brightness to blackness in the crucible of subsequent analysis. But it is not so in the case of Thomas Jefferson. There he stands in the retrospect. There he is, whether in memory or in bronze. There he is, tall and serene, looking through the shadows of the nineteenth century, clear-eyed and certain even as in the days of his vigorous youth when he penned the immortal Declaration, or in the days when he rescued the new Republic of the United States from the reactionary party, then in the ascendant, and restored it to the rough but generous embrace of the old-time vigorous democracy.

The impulse and direction given by Thomas Jefferson to American institutions could not be immediately arrested or reversed. It is always the policy of the beaten past to wait for a season until its resources can be accumulated and new measures devised for conquering the future. Those epochs in which human affairs have been beneficially revolutionized have always been followed by periods in which the past, lying in its tent, awaits the opportunity to come forth and again contend for its lost empire.

The period of such waiting is generally an epoch of apathy and indifference. The past has to wait for a knowing and experienced generation to ebb away and for a new, inexperienced, and credulous generation to come in its place before the work of reaction can be successfully undertaken. In the vocabulary of the past progress means retrogression. Such

progress is best effected in a gentle and unostentatious manner. The past, taking advantage of the public unconcern, reinsinuates itself with the sentiments and purposes of men, whispering to them in their hours of reverie vague traditions of the good times gone by when the people had a noble and heroic king for their ruler and when the disturbances of liberty were unknown. By and by when this fallacious tradition humming in the ears of men has put them to sleep, the Past creeps out cautiously and begins to bind the giant people with withes, and then in the hour of awaking to say: "The Philistines be upon thee."

From Jefferson and democracy we went to Madison and war; from Madison and war we went to Monroe and peace; from Monroe and peace we went to Adams and intrigue; and from Adams and intrigue we went to Jackson and our second democratic revolution. In the interval between 1809 and 1829 the United States had passed from patriotism to finance. The old generation had talked about love of country. The new one talked about business. The question had been political liberty; it now was the tariff and the distribution of the funds. The fathers had considered the best method of escaping from the dominion of Great Britain. Their descendants talked about the best method of getting under the dominion of a bank. The Past, despairing of getting a crown of tradition and heredity on the brow of the American ruler, sought to substitute a crown of money. The sceptre of royalty was to be replaced with a sceptre of banknotes. Organized political society was marshalled forth for the purpose of securing an abdication of the people and the apotheosis of a central financial institution. Public liberty was to be replaced with a corporate despotism. The unstable glory of a democratic republic was to yield to the stable splendor of a money autocracy which should henceforth dole out political liberties to the people in the homœopathic manner. Too much might impair their vitality by making them free! The new order was determined that the American democracy should not take *so much* of the rights of men as to injure the constitution. The "public credit" was henceforth to be the criterion of patriotism, and the bank counter was to be a bureau of political

information at which the people might learn how much liberty is safely consistent with cent per cent.

It was in this conjunction of affairs that the second great democrat appeared in the arena. Let us agree that old Andrew Jackson was a character. The hard discipline of his youth put iron into his bones and a measure of savagery into his disposition. Imprisonment, starvation, and smallpox had unfitted him for blandishments. Lack of opportunity prevented him from being a gentleman, and ignorance of political economy prevented him from being a coward. The man who showed his soldiers how a major-general can thrive on acorns was not likely to be charged with dilettanteism in society.

To us it seems that such a man was providential. Considering the time at which he came he was too good to be an accident. Things were getting into the old rut again. The Virginian dynasty had made a smooth groove, and a new Republic, now beginning to expand not a little to the West and Northwest, was sliding down the groove in a manner which the political jargon of this day would define as "highly successful." The Past had got ready its scheme for making the American Union to consist of two ingredients—apathy and business. Jackson was prepared to make it consist of two ingredients—honesty and patriotism. According to Jackson a fight was better than a fraud, and a straight bet was more honorable than a profitable lie. Jackson's manner of life had led him to suppose that manhood is more than bookkeeping, and that honest profanity is superior to hypocritical prayer.

Great was the change in the temper and manner of government which ensued in 1829. If Jackson had not been a thorough man of the people his administration might have become a menace to public liberty. His arbitrary disposition and military autocracy might well have been dreaded if they had existed in a breast which was not aflame with patriotic devotion. The seventh president was an example (perhaps the best in history) of the conservative and corrective power of democracy over itself. A study of Jackson's life is sufficient to demonstrate the universal salvation of man by his own efforts when he is let alone. The cant of the Imperialists is that

if men be let alone they will destroy themselves. But why should they destroy themselves? Why should a free man make his own quietus? Is it less painful to be cut with one's own hand than with the hand of another? Will a man not bleed if he be wounded by himself? Will he not be blinded if he put his own eyes out? Will he not starve if he do not feed himself? Will he not be frozen and buffeted if he recklessly expose his body to the elements? Will he not drown if he plunge foolhardily into the sea?

The fact is that man, poor animal that he is, has the savor of life in himself. He bears in his breast the undying germs of political and social regeneration. He does not get his power of rectification and reform outside of himself, but he gets that power from the altar of his own soul. This is what democracy signifies. The right and duty of man government springs from the fact of the capability of all men to attend to their own affairs and to do it better than any other can do it for them. In the general work of social and political organization experience keeps a school; and it is a school worth all the other schools which philosophy and history have invented.

There is in this world one method by which men may learn government; and that is by trying it for themselves. There is one method by which they may remain forever ignorant of government; and that is by letting some one else perform the duty. Andrew Jackson learned all that he knew in the school of experience. He studied men and affairs because he was in contact with both. He became an adept in the promotion of liberty because he perceived the danger to which liberty was exposed in the tendencies of his time. He learned what many men have not yet learned; that is, that liberty is always exposed unless man himself walks up and down in the manner of a sentry day and night before the portal of her palace. Jefferson never uttered a greater truth than when he declared that *eternal* vigilance is the price of liberty.

Andrew Jackson had the power of grappling men to him with hooks of steel. They who followed under his banner were the common people. They who were arrayed against him were the incipient classes. In the fourth decade of our century the prolific germs of the corporate life were already

scattered in our soil. True, they were to lie dormant for a long time before they could grow and overshadow the field and suck up with their rank power the life sap of the more wholesome vegetation that was springing around the roots. It is easy in the retrospect to see the rudimentary outlines of those very organizations which have so greatly afflicted us a half a century later. Jackson's battle was with the same old snake's-nest. The eggs and the new-hatched serpents were all there, but they were not then big enough and strong enough to hiss at and defy the nation. For the time being the rough Old Democrat put them down. He drove them back into the dark, cold hole where the old mother snake had hid herself from the light of day. And so the world wagged on for more than twenty-five years, and then plunged into the vortex of civil war.

To my mind there is no paragraph in human history more provocative of indignation and tears than that which recounts the selfish intrigues and cold-blooded machinations by which the tremendous volume of patriotic sacrifice and devotion—swelling up and breaking in long lines of foam in the days of our mortal trial—was diverted from its purpose in the twenty-five years following our Civil War, poisoned with the malevolent sentiments of the money power, and made at last the subservient force in the attempted destruction of American democracy and the institution on its ruins of a base imperialism of wealth. We shall not here repeat the melancholy story. Let us go forward at once to the year 1896 and look calmly over the landscape of American life, noting its aspects and analyzing its conditions.

By this time the party of Lincoln and Sumner and Lovejoy had become the party of Pierpont Morgan and Lazard Frères. Chase had been succeeded by Sherman, Thaddeus Stevens by Thomas B. Reed, and Horace Greeley by Thomas C. Platt. From being the party which used the Declaration of Independence as the corner-stone of its platforms, the Republican organization had become a party having the *Banker's Magazine* for its handbook and Wall Street for its corner-stone and cope. The moving force which had inspired a million soldiers to do battle for the stars and stripes was no

longer the soul of old John Brown, but the snarl of Shylock. In place of an army of boys in Blue had arisen a horde of railroad wreckers, stock-gamblers, and gold-cormorants moving under the dictation of Rothschild and the Morgan syndicate. This malevolent combination of forces, historical and personal, had invaded not only the Republican party but also the party which still defined itself as Democratic. It had obtained the mastery of both parties; for it had the leaders of both in its clutches. The combination believed itself invincible. It had invented one lexicon of lying phrases with which to delude the masses, and another lexicon with which to terrorize them. To this combination all seasons and all conditions were as naught, provided only that it might continue to prevail and to reign. One administration succeeded another; but they were all alike.

Such had been the power of the money intrigue that already in 1878 it was able to compel the President to veto a bill made deliberately in the interest of the people and ratified by a majority of more than three-fourths of both houses of Congress. The money power cares nothing for majorities—except to despise them. The Garfield-Arthur administration dragged through in the same spirit which had characterized that of Hayes. Then came the accession of Cleveland. The people supposed in electing Mr. Cleveland to the presidency that they were electing a democrat. They had tired at last of the other kind and thought they were making a change.

The money power meanwhile chuckled at the exhibition of the popular credulity. The money power knew its men. Under his eight years of authority and the four years of the intercalary administration of Harrison the American Republic was purposely steered every day further and further from the will of the people, and nearer and nearer to that harbor in which the universal plutocracy expected to cast anchor. At the end of the second administration of Cleveland that power had no doubt that it would be able to continue to reign as before.

It was in this spirit that the Republican convention of 1896 was held. It was in this spirit that the Democratic convention of that year was undertaken. The plutocratic syndicate had

no doubt of its ability to regulate the former, and little apprehension that it could not control the latter. Such was the condition of affairs when the Chicago convention assembled.

To the amazement and horror of the political bosses there were seen and heard ominous signs of rebellion and revolution. When the Democratic forces gathered, the premonitory throbblings of revolt broke into tumultuous insurrection, and all the intrigue and blandishment and threatening which the money power was able to put forth could not prevail over the determination of a roused-up people.

Finally, while the convention was under way, a well-known young statesman, knowing no fear and having the God's truth of the whole matter in his breast, stood up and uttered it with that eloquence and power for which he had already become famous as a champion of the people's cause. From that hour the spell was broken. The shadows of doubt began to lift from the landscape. There was a universal rally of the discontented people to the standard of the young Nebraskan who, Lincoln-like, had set up his flag of patriotism on the illimitable prairies.

On that day the third great epoch of democracy in the history of our country broke into dawn and sunrise. Never was there so salutary a chill sent to the bones and marrow of the money power as in that summer of 1896. Then it was that the old methods of assault were revived and new methods of falsehood still more virulent were invented to defeat the purpose of the people. A vocabulary of epithets was found, and a system of propagating untruth was devised as universal as it was base.

By common consent Patrick Henry, who delivered an audacious paragraph in the old Virginia House of Burgesses, had been regarded as an orator and a patriot. The outbursts of James Otis had been passed to his credit, and he had become a historical character as the orator of the revolutionary dawn. The utterances of Franklin had been recorded. Jackson's sayings, even his favorite oath, had been accepted as evidence that the soul of the man was fit for great leadership. But when William Jennings Bryan sprang up before that enormous concourse and with greater oratorical power than any

of these poured out his patriotic appeal and concluded with the immortal declaration that the money power in America should no longer press a bloody crown of thorns on the brow of labor, and that man should no longer be crucified on a cross of gold,—what did the paid organs of plutocracy and all the parrots cry out? They said that William Jennings Bryan was a boy; that he was a declaimer; that he was a mere mouth of sounding demagogy; that he was *vox et præterea nil*; that he was a blatherskite, a fool, a demagogue, an ignorant mouthpiece of anarchy and communism, a firebrand of disorder, a disturber, an enemy of the public peace, a foe of the national honor; and so on to the end of their unutterable rot and contumely.

The simple fact is that the unanswerable oration of William J. Bryan before the Chicago convention was one of the few inspired utterances of the human soul rising to a great occasion, and pouring out the vehement river of truth. Bryan was on that day a chosen instrument. Whatever providence there is in human affairs was then and there displayed. Whatever rectifying power there is controlling the malevolent conditions of this mortal life was then and there conspicuously exhibited. To be sure, the individual man is nothing. To be sure, the Power which is over all things is everything. There are times when the Universal Thing will express itself. Sometimes the expression is by means of the silent grief of the soul; sometimes it is by the pen; sometimes by the sword; sometimes by cataclysm and uproar and the downrushing of institutions; but when the Universal Thing will find a *voice*, then must a man also be found to cry out.

This is not an age of man worship; it is an age when will and reason and moral force are beginning to be recognized and demanded in the affairs of men. William J. Bryan came upon the stage in answer to such a call, and without declaring himself as such he became the third conspicuous leader of American democracy. What Jefferson had done in the Declaration of Independence, and what Jackson did in his rough battle with the insidious enemy in the fourth decade of the century, that did William J. Bryan fifty years later when he vaulted like an athlete into the wild arena, drew his sword,

and stood defiant, blazing with wrath in the very face of an enemy that durst not attack him with anything but contumely and falsehood.

Aye more; this man Bryan does not suffer by comparison with his two great predecessors. I speak of this matter with no disposition to flatter the living. Flattery is not a mood of this office. Much less have we a disposition to disparage the dead. To us, with our views of history and with our notion of the process by which human affairs are evolved out of a worse into a better condition, it matters little what man may be chosen and what man be left. But it is the literal truth of history that William J. Bryan is in the category of the great. He is so because he is a true leader of the people. The lot has fallen upon him. This condition has come to pass not of his own will and ambition, but out of the exigency of our times. We have come, at the close of the century, with the revival of the democratic battle, to have a leader worthy of the cause. It was necessary that this leader should be an unblemished man. It was necessary that he should be an American to the centre and soul of him. It was necessary that he should be courageous—brave as a lion to his principle and himself, devoted to the cause more than to his own ambition, reckless in attack, and yet skilful and cautious and wary lest he slip in the battle.

It was necessary that our new leader of American Democracy should be at once a man of the people and a gentleman. It was necessary that he should have big hard hands and a brain as cool as that of a farmer. It was almost necessary that he should be an athlete with iron in his blood and bones, with big lungs, and a clear, calm face that would quail before nothing. It was desirable that our leader should be a scholar and a thinker as well as a man of the common lot. It was necessary that he should have such intellectual strength and poise as to make the enemy afraid of him. It was necessary that he should have the audacity to go forward crying out from day to day, uttering his thought and proclaiming the principles by which the American democracy shall be restored to power, and yet retain that mysterious elevation and serenity of character upon which all real leadership depends.

Seeking for such a man in such a place, History found William J. Bryan in 1896, and she made him the standard-bearer of the American people in their unequal battle with the organized cohorts of the money power, marshalled in the cause of centralization and imperialism.

The third epoch of democracy dates from the year 1896. We are only in the dawn of this epoch, but the day will come with the close of the century, or with the new century which lies just beyond. The battle is on. It is hard for the people to clutch the stone walls of power with their naked hands and pull them down. The money power has fortified itself. It has built great entrenchments outside the works. There are long moats full of dirty water and planted with *chevaux-de-frise*. There are a hundred paid generals with burnished hoods and big plumes and fashionable swords at their sides. There are arsenals and munitions of war.

Against all these the people have only their own patriotic purposes and the truth for their weapons. They have hardly an organized society. Until recently they have been fighting in three or four different armies and without any profound unity of purpose. This folly, however, is passing away. There is a concentration of the American democracy and a unification of all powers into one power against the common enemy. That enemy, having partially accomplished his purpose—having got his status fixed so that he can denounce the assailant as an enemy of the public peace, a foe of the national honor—would now lie still, hoping that the rising wave of democracy will recede like a tide into the sea.

The hope of the enemy is vain. The tide will not recede. On the contrary, the tide is rising and roaring along all shores. We know our purpose and we intend to accomplish it. We intend to accomplish it at the ballot-box. The ballot-box is our appeal. The ballot-box is not subject to injunction! We intend in the great contest that is now on to make a new declaration of independence. We intend that all men shall be, as they were created to be, equal. We intend that they shall have their unalienable rights. We intend that life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness shall be, as Jefferson's immortal pen declared them to be, the inheritance of all men

and all women born under the folds of the stars and stripes. We intend that the pure, sterling democracy of Andrew Jackson and his epoch shall be again honored and made sacred in this republic bequeathed us by our fathers. We intend that the tremendous revolution started in 1896 shall rise into a tumult of patriotism and fire and shall sweep all before it. We intend that the New Democracy of Man shall plant its triumphant banners upon the ramparts of every State, from the pine forests of Maine to the beach of Coronado. We intend that the under man shall rise and stand; that his equality shall be again proclaimed in the United States of America, and that it shall be his inheritance forever. We intend that the patriot and statesman, William Jennings Bryan, shall be, as he deserves to be, the President of the United States; and that under his wholesome and patriotic administration a new century of peace shall be ushered in, in the splendor and revival of which the evil powers which have dominated American society for the last quarter of a century shall wither and perish from the earth.

A MESSAGE FROM BEYOND.

BY GENEVIEVE CLARK.

CHESTER HARLAND and I were classmates in college and as different in character and disposition as fast friends often are. Harland had a provoking way of winning all the prizes and walking off with all the honors—as it appeared by sheer good luck, for he was never known to study. Indeed, I never knew Harland to exert himself in a given direction a sufficient length of time to justify the smallest portion of the success greeting all undertakings with which he was identified. His championship of a cause seemed to have a talismanic quality, the potency of which none ventured to dispute. How far the prestige of three or four successive triumphs may have unconsciously strengthened a species of suggestion reacting upon him in full telepathic force was a matter which we did not then take into account. Had he been less what he was—brilliant yet unassuming, and a thoroughly good fellow withal—there might have been occasion for that sort of jealousy which has disabled many a good contestant in life's race. Harland was, in fact, so manifestly beyond our ken that we yielded to his various successes, wondering at first, but later as a matter of course. He took no credit to himself, alleging that all things in which he displayed particular aptitude were the result of inspiration, and attributing the mystery to some occult power, in the investigation of which he was all too actively engaged. It is given to friends to see the weaknesses of friends and to be forewarned of pitfalls surrounding one naturally so gifted and lovable as Chester, and I—a serious, plodding medical student—found myself quite unwillingly analyzing certain of his qualities, which, while desirable in a gentleman, might be a hindrance to him as a man.

It required a great deal of urging on his part to induce me to attempt psychic investigation with him, for, while I was prone to accept the phenomena, I had a distinct repugnance

to their being assigned to any apparently supernormal cause. None are free from that weird and often entirely latent suggestion of what is possibly true; and, while I was aggressively indisposed to believe in communication with spirits of the dead, there was a subjective admission (unconscious yet potent, as I know now) of the possibility that the soul, freed from its mortal coil, might still exist as an entity striving to establish with friends still in the flesh a relation which, in the present state of spiritual evolution on earth, apparently leads nowhere. Not only was solution hedged about with the intangible to such an extent as to preclude the possibility of obtaining major or minor premise, and unexplainable in view of that settled law and order with which the dead have never been known to interfere, but it was abhorrent to me to contemplate those I had loved and lost moving as silent astral bodies, unperceived but perceiving, unknown but knowing,—spectres fenced about with limitations the more inexplicable because to them the mystery of death stood revealed.

That the process of the soul's evolution might be continuing, according to natural laws, in the disembodied,—following out the order by which our fleshly habitation crumbles to become part of that earth in the economy of which nothing is lost,—and that the ghostly visitant might be undergoing experiences as fraught with doubt and fear as my own, did not once occur to me. Theology had fixed in my mind the belief that existence after death necessarily involved a solution of earth's problems at one fell swoop. That if the dead wished to convey a message to me, they would be limited by my own incapacity to comply with conditions necessary to that end, did not appeal to me as evident. Gibbon, in his "Decline and Fall," illustrates an analogous instance: "Christian geography was forcibly extracted by texts of scripture, and the study of nature was the surest symptom of an unbelieving mind. The orthodox faith confined the habitable world to one temperate zone, and represented the earth as an oblong surface, four hundred days' journey in length, two hundred in breadth, encompassed by the ocean, and covered by the solid crystal of the firmament." So-called Christianity had engendered certain prejudices, and had led me to accept half-truths which

not only blinded me to life's true meaning (since the lessons learned in childhood are never forgotten), but made it exceedingly difficult to accept nature's law as the most satisfactory study—that undeviating law which runs alike through physical and astral state, and which, though possibly taking new forms, exists as one harmonious whole throughout the innumerable worlds of the universe.

Harland and Miss Annette Wilson (to whom he was betrothed) accompanied me to the first spiritualistic séance I ever attended. Annette was a bright, enthusiastic, earnest girl to whom life was an unopened book. Both of poetical temperament, they were mutually as profoundly attached as any lovers I ever knew. The misgivings I had as to their fitness for each other had reference rather to the similarity than to the peculiarity of their temperaments. Their mutual interest in occultism was a bond of sympathy the importance of which might easily be exaggerated. It was impossible to disbelieve Annette when she declared that by an effort of the will she was able to follow Chester's movements when absent, for she was truth itself; but it occurred to me that this transcendent ability to see indefinitely into space and through brick walls might possibly have its disadvantages on the uncertain sea of matrimony.

She was as anxious as Chester that I should be convinced of the truths of psychic phenomena, and it was largely through her wish that I at last consented to attend a séance. It was my theory that the messages purporting to come from the dead had their origin in a method of thought-transference, the workings of which were equally mysterious to the medium and the sitter; that there was no well-authenticated instance of information being conveyed which might not have had its source in the subconscious suggestion of the latter.

I felt, therefore, that I had proved my case when, submitting to the medium a single test question (among many casual questions the answers to which amounted to little or nothing), I received no satisfaction whatever from the "spirit world."

Leaving the house three-quarters of an hour later and immediately restating my theory to Chester, he turned on me with a sour smile.

"You are satisfied, Fred—quite naturally. You went into that room confident that you could hypnotize the medium. Not remaining passive in compliance with the conditions, you gave the suggestion that the medium could not answer that question. . . . As I said just now, you went for fraud, and that's what you got. If a man gets what he goes after in this world, he ought to be satisfied."

I laughed, not disliking to see him nettled or to think that his faith might be shaken.

"You admit, then, that the basis of the mystery is in suggestion?" I cried, thinking to gain the first proposition for a syllogism.

As he turned his head away impatiently, Annette leaned toward me.

"You miss the point, Fred. The medium never promises satisfactory sittings unless the subject consents to remain passive. That, you admit, you did not do. I do not understand the essence of the conditions any more than I am able to reason why the positive and negative poles are necessary to generate an electric current, or any more than I can explain what was always a great mystery to my parents, namely, the fact that I could dance almost as soon as I could walk, and that, too, without any instruction, and, so far as any of the family knew, without ever having witnessed dancing in any form. . . . We cannot understand these things. It seems to me, however, that since human beings have lived for thousands of years on this earth ignorant of physical forces in the very atmosphere, it is just possible that a few mysteries may yet remain unsolved. . . . No, I cannot see that you have proved anything."

I had, however, satisfied myself.

Less than two years after this, Harland and Annette were married, Chester having in the meantime qualified as a lecturer on scientific subjects. When I inquired quizzically whether he included psychology in the exact sciences, he became profoundly serious and was on the point of admitting that he did.

His health giving out that winter, he came to me for treatment. This surprised me, as I had supposed that his leanings

were toward Christian Science. He was quite a reasonable patient, and during his convalescence (he was suffering from an incipient nervous disorder) we enjoyed together many pleasant readings and mental rambles. I was amazed and, I need not say, alarmed that he persisted in assigning his brilliant platform utterances to an extraneous influence. The gradations by which he had arrived at this belief were by no means so illogical to my mind as the belief itself, and I soon discovered that, given a premise, he was able to reason with acumen to any absurd conclusion, yet that, having accepted a conclusion, he was quite unable to go back of it into the broad field of generalization where he might compare premises. This process, indeed, would have necessitated a recognition of material attributes, which, from the very nature of his genius, Harland could not appreciate. Owing his popularity and success to implicit obedience of intuition, and attuned by instinct and temperament to a prejudice against objective reasoning, how could he recognize, as such, a forewarning that the physical would inevitably demand compensation for the neglect from which it suffered? Already I was beholding the effects of spiritual dissipation in Chester's deep-sunk eyes, his frantic impatience with detail, and his almost insane contempt for the necessities of the flesh. Opposed to my influence against this, was the far more potent suggestion of Annette, who—herself straining to the same dizzy heights—could not serve as ballast to her husband's dangerous flight into the spiritual.

Gradually, after Chester's recovery, I lost sight of them, though occasionally as the years went by I heard of him as a brilliant but erratic orator, crowding immense auditoriums, and commanding the highest prices, the spoiled darling of the ladies and the wonder of all men. Our dissimilarity of tastes and interests tended continually to widen the distance, geographical and otherwise, which separated us, and yet I did not intentionally lose track of him. Certain that such a career must end in disaster, it did not astonish me to hear that he promiscuously annulled contracts when it did not suit his pleasure to fulfil them, and was as a consequence mulcted of heavy sums in lawsuits.

At last I heard of him no more. In the zenith of his popularity he was suddenly swallowed up in obscurity; and the pathetic aspect of his case was the indifference of that public which had followed like a whining cur at his heels, content with the crumbs of praise he scattered, but which now only shrugged its shoulders and declared his day gone by.

One evening, seven years from the last time I saw Chester, several friends of mine and myself occupied a box off the stage of one of the best known theatres in this country. The play was "A Night in Andalusia." The first act was somewhat of a farce, and as the second bade fair to be, I entered into a discussion with one of my companions concerning a *coup d'état* in which it was rumored that the then Governor of the State was concerned.

Our thoughts were suddenly forced elsewhere, when, in time to a furious drum-beat from behind the scenes, a laughing girl sprang lightly out upon the stage. Behind her came a young man in a green-velvet, gilt-adorned jacket, with knee breeches fastened to his variegated hose with buckles that glistened in the light. The girl wore the fantastic costume of an Andalusian peasant, her slashed and spangled gown terminating below the knees in a gorgeous golden fringe. . . . I looked and looked again, but could not satisfy myself. . . . Where had I seen that woman's face before?

Simultaneously she saluted the audience with a rattle of her castanets, and it broke into applause which continued for some seconds, during which her partner in the dance that was to be, struck an attitude, waiting, while by some unfathomable expressiveness in her movements she suggested the heights of excitement and the depths of languor.

They were enacting a pantomimic love-drama. About him she swayed, with merry eyes, eluding him at first, dipping her arms in the windings of the dance, the suppleness with which she controlled and brought into rhythm all parts of her body contributing a dainty sensualism to the effect. Round to the centre she moved, alluring, contradictory, tantalizing; then forward again, he, as she glided near, scarce touching the floor in the wild whirlabout, and exhibiting by his postures and the alternate slowness or quickness of his step the

gradations from natural ardor to a pursuit colored by opposition. Then, before anyone had time to see whence they came, rainbow draperies were dipped into one maze of color, through, around, and under which these lovers danced as it were to madness.

The effect was electrical. The audience stood up. The excitement continued, ladies leaning forward with quick, ingenuous interest, then sinking back into their seats and shading their eyes.

As the dance continued, there was an almost repulsive fascination in it. The end was one breathless *trémoussement*, the girl standing still, smiling, but panting for breath. The curtain was rung down amid applause which verily shook the rafters. It drew up again instantly with brilliant lights on the tableau.

"My God, Fred," I heard one of my friends say,—and for the first time I was conscious that I was making my way out of the box,—"your face is like a sheet! Are you ill?"

I waved him back.

"No, it is nothing. . . . Let me alone for a few moments, can't you? . . . I beg your pardon. . . . Will you take my excuses to the rest? . . . I will be back directly."

I made my way to the greenroom. It was some moments before the boy to whom I had intrusted my card for delivery to "the lady who had just been dancing" (I felt I could not make use of the flippant *nomen et omen* which appeared on the programme) returned to say that I would be received.

I was shocked at a nearer view of her, for, in youth and freshness at least, she had appeared in the dance the old Annette of my boyhood days. Now I saw leaning against a mantel, rouged and half-besotted, a coarse picture of a wizen old woman!

"Annette!" I exclaimed involuntarily, and stopped short.

She still held my card, but bitter lines about her mouth and a hard look in her eyes were the only signs of any emotion evoked by a memory of me—that, and the shattered glass at her feet. But my presence apparently overcame her, for the tears started suddenly to her eyes as she exclaimed:

"You care enough to come here to see me! . . . Thank

you." She held out her hand. . . . "Wait a moment. . . . I've nearly finished here for to-night. I don't come on again until at the close. . . . We might walk a little in the fresh air. . . . This room is stifling. . . . My God," looking me up and down in anguished contemplation, "you don't look a day older—and how Chester has changed!"

I had it in my mind to say, "And how you have changed!" but I did not, and followed her silently down a private exit from the stage into the street.

Loungers gazed with lazy curiosity after us—the woman in fantastic costume, and I in full dress—as we moved down a side street. We had walked without speaking what seemed a long time when suddenly she stopped before a stairway.

"No one will know you here," leading the way up the steps into a Chinese restaurant, and a moment later ordering "tea" of the Celestial who approached us. . . . "The crowd doesn't come in until midnight." She brushed off our chairs with her handkerchief. Then we sat down.

"Chester still living, Annette," I ventured, "and you reduced to this!"

"Oh, God alone knows where Chester is," she sighed; "and I don't know as to being reduced." With as few words as possible she told me that her husband, requiring stimulus as time went by in order to continue his work, had little by little fallen a victim to drugs. Some years since it had been necessary to confine him in an inebriate asylum. It was believed that he was incurable, though he had been twice released on the doctor's certificate that he had fully recovered.

My fears, then, were well-grounded. That career, so brilliant, which had wasted its energies in attempts to transcend the knowable, had been shattered ruthlessly in its early bloom!

"Do you remember, Fred" (Annette's voice broke in bitterly on my reminiscences), "how you talked to us that winter Chester was so ill; how vainly you endeavored to convince me that the path we had chosen was ruinous? . . . Well, I have lived to be sure that you were right. After I realized it, I tried to hold Chester back. Half the misery in this world hinges on the possibility of a man's gaining by privilege, good

luck, etc., what no one ought to have except through hard work. When a man is particularly favored by fortune, he is apt to think himself a special exhibit of the Almighty, and exempt from the moral law and order, not less than from the physical. . . . It was late in the day for me to mend matters, but I recognized that people living in this world must have something practical to keep them down. . . . So I took to dancing for a living." She laughed as if she traded in wit.

"But why," I cried, my heart going out to the hapless Harland—"why such a dance as that? It is not worthy of you. . . . Oh, Annette, you are his wife."

"I'm not so sure about it's being unworthy of me," she retorted, coloring. "I tried the other extreme and found I wasn't worthy of it. It is difficult to please some people." She cocked her head on one side and tried to look arch.

"But that foreign dance, how did you learn it?"

"Instinct!" She laughed, probably at the amazement on my face as she spoke Chester's favorite word. "Seriously, no one told me how. I saw it done once or twice in Andalusia, and my feet knew right where to go the moment I stood up to try." Suddenly she spoke of Chester again, but in a different tone and with great tears rolling down her cheeks. She had not seen him for two years, though, on hearing six weeks previously that he had again been released from custody, she had written to him affectionately, bidding him come to her.

Shortly afterward I left her at the door of the theatre, and, sending a message of apology to my friends within, hailed a cab and was driven home.

The next few days marked the breaking out of an epidemic in a quarter of the city where my practice was extensive. Returning home about midnight, some days after my encounter with Annette, I sank into an arm-chair near the fireplace, utterly exhausted but not intending to fall asleep. As the gas was turned low, however, it is probable that I was dozing when I was startled by a dazzling light shining with painful force upon my face. For a moment I was blinded by the glare, and, uncertain to what it might be attributed, shaded my eyes with my hand when—as if out of a cloud of yellowish-blue vapor—I saw Annette coming toward me. I held

my breath and leaned forward, while great beads of perspiration started out all over me.

"Annette," I exclaimed, springing up, "for God's sake"—

"Chester is on a ship coming across the ocean. . . . I have seen him." (She named the vessel.) "Meet him at the wharf next Wednesday, tell him to return by the next steamer to our daughter, whom he has deserted in France."

She was gone with the words.

Cursing myself for a fool to allow my nerves to get into a condition where they might play me such tricks, I staggered to the gas-jet and turned the light on at full blaze. Then I tried to reason myself into a state of mind where I could admit the vision to have been an hallucination. So determined was I to disbelieve the evidence of my senses in this instance, that I had an uncomfortable shock next morning when, on taking up a newspaper, I saw announced in flaring headlines an account of Annette's tragic death. She had left the theatre at eleven o'clock in a cab, which had collided with a street-car; she had been thrown out and instantly killed.

For days thereafter I was haunted with the suggestion that I must comply with the request conveyed in what I still doggedly persisted in calling a dream; but so at variance was a serious interpretation of it with all the experiences of my life that I resisted until Wednesday morning, when, realizing that the ship was due at noon, I was seized with an unaccountable impulse to verify Chester's presence on it. I do not remember that I was at all startled or surprised to see him, four hours later, descend the gang-plank—and this notwithstanding the fact that his appearance was so altered that ordinarily I should not have recognized him. He made his way straight through the throng and grasped my hand. Neither of us spoke, but I turned at last with blinded eyes to lead the way to my carriage. He seemed to take it as prearranged that he should follow the course of conduct laid out by me.

"Fred," he said that evening after dinner as we sat together before the fire in my library, "you did not need to tell me that Annette was dead. I felt her presence near me the other night—unless I am going mad again, as perhaps I am. Nevertheless, I knew that she was dead."

"You used to say, Chester, that there is no death in the sense in which the term is commonly understood."

There was a silence.

"I know I did; I know I did. But I have reached a point where I can't distinguish between glimpses of the life beyond and a fearful trickery of the mind. . . . My cursed egotism ruined her life. . . . She warned me, you warned me, everybody warned me. . . . I don't know now whether you are a man or a cloud, and it seems to me that there is nothing left of me but my hands." He rose suddenly and went about the room gesticulating frantically.

"Chester,"—I went over to him, placed a hand on his shoulder, and looked squarely into his eyes,—*"Annette came to me the night she died."*

Slowly, with wide-opened, startled eyes, he pushed me to arm's-length.

"You—you—you who never believed?"

"Even I. . . . She came to me. I am perfectly convinced of it."

"It is true, then, though you did not believe? . . . Tell me now; it is not all a madman's fancy. . . . You saw her. . . and. . . and"—

He looked at me with strained, beseeching earnestness.

"Yes, I saw her. She told me to meet you at the ship; she said you were not to continue the journey you had in mind, but to return by the next steamer to your daughter, whom you had deserted."

He continued to look at me. Slowly his arms dropped to his side, and gradually, as he grew pale, that unnatural look died out of his eyes. I led him like a little child to a chair, into which he sank, covering his face with his hands. Soon he grew more calm.

"Fred, I thank you. My life has been a series of tragic mistakes. I felt that if there is nothing beyond, few things matter; if there is, I might still be able to fight my way better there. . . . I suppose there is some wise reason why it is not to be. I intended to settle some matters here which would have secured my daughter a competence. . . . Then," he wrung my hand, "I purposed taking my life."

EXPLANATION, AND AMENDE TO MR. NIELS GRÖN.

IN THE ARENA for July an article appeared entitled "Points in the American and French Constitutions Compared," by Niels Grön.

Late in the year, the editor of THE ARENA received from Mr. John Joseph Conway, editor of *The Daily Messenger* of Paris, a letter in which he alleged that the article in THE ARENA by Mr. Grön had been written by himself; that Mr. Grön had obtained possession of it and had published it under his own name without Mr. Conway's permission.

Acting upon this information three paragraphs were inserted in THE ARENA for December, under the title, "How to get an Article into a Magazine." In this Mr. Grön was represented as having purchased from Mr. Conway an article which he offered under his own name to THE ARENA, thus putting himself in the character of a plagiarist. Soon afterwards the editor of THE ARENA received from Mr. Grön a letter written from London in which he denied the charge made by Mr. Conway and requested a retraction. Since that date I have called upon Mr. Conway for the letters of Mr. Grön bearing on this subject. I find that Mr. Grön did procure an article from Mr. Conway some time in 1896, and that he used the facts contained in that article in preparing his contribution which was published in THE ARENA; but the evidence does not show that Mr. Grön plagiarized the article from Mr. Conway or from anyone. It shows that he used the Conway paper as a study in the preparation of his contribution; but there is no evidence to show that the Conway article was copied by Mr. Grön or improperly used in the preparation of the contribution published in THE ARENA. Mr. Grön is therefore entitled to the disclaimer which he makes, and this explanation and amende is made by THE ARENA to the end that Mr. Grön shall not be disparaged unjustly by our former publication.—EDITOR ARENA.

THE BEAUTY OF A BOND.

IT would seem that *The St. James Gazette* has let a bird fly. It is not often that an organ of the goldite empire is caught off guard. When such a phenomenal thing occurs, one is led to believe that the organ on the night before has had too much wine. That *The St. James Gazette* could so forget itself makes us astonished.

The occasion of the extraordinary break referred to is the recent assignment to Great Britain of the exclusive privilege of taking the Chinese loan without competition. The British government has been unusually anxious to get this loan "in the interests of trade." *The St. James Gazette*, doubtless in the state of mind indicated above, divulges the scheme as follows:

Let us suppose, in the first instance, that the rate agreed upon be 5 per cent. This would not be exorbitant when the ordinary rates of interest in China are taken into consideration. Our procedure would be simple. The Bank of England would invite tenders for £14,500,000 Consols at 2½ per cent, redeemable in twenty-five years from the date of issue. The length of the term offered would ensure a premium of, at least, 10 per cent. Taking the price, then, at £110, we should obtain the sum of £15,950,000. The deficiency of £50,000 is insignificant, and could be made good by any one of half a dozen obvious expedients. Under this arrangement we should be borrowing £14,500,000 at 2½ per cent, and lending £16,000,000 at 5 per cent. The difference between the interest we should disburse (£367,500) and the interest we should receive (£800,000) would be £423,000. If this sum were invested every year for twenty-five years at compound interest, it would produce at the end of that term £14,688,000. But the chief matter remains to be stated. When we had got all our money back, China would still remain indebted to us to the full amount of the original advance—£16,000,000. This outstanding liability could, at the choice of the Peking Government, either be liquidated in cash or released in exchange for such fixed or other concessions as might seem equitable to both parties.

Let us explain the beauty of this business. The poor laborers of China will be obliged for 25 years to pay to Great Britain, in interest only, \$4,000,000 annually without reducing the debt by a single farthing. That is beautiful to begin with. The \$4,000,000 will be taken by the English bondholders and loaned to the British laboring men, who will pay another \$4,000,000 a year for the privilege of having money enough to buy their groceries. At the end of the 25-year period, China will still owe the British bondholders the \$80,000,000 just the same. That is the essential beauty of it. Eight millions a year laid upon the laboring-men of China and Great Britain for 25 years! Two hundred millions of interest in all, and then 80,000,000 of principal just as good as at the start. I have not seen a better example than this of the splendid workings of the international bond system. The only question is how long the laboring-men of the world are going to stand this sort of business. But then *The St. James Gazette* ought never to have given the thing away!

THE ARENA FOR MAY.

THE GREAT SLAVE POWER.

BY SENATOR WILLIAM M. STEWART.

The readers of THE ARENA will be delighted with the leading contribution for May, which is by Senator Wm. M. Stewart. Senator Stewart is easily a leader among the public men of the United States. His ability is equal to his unwavering patriotism. His article on *The Great Slave Power*, in which he sets forth in a masterly manner the subtle growth of the influence which money is made to wield in this latter-day civilization until the people approximate a condition of universal slavery, is one of his best contributions, and will exert a salutary influence on current public opinion. Senator Stewart's portrait will stand as the frontispiece of the number.

IMMORTALITY: ITS PLACE IN THE THOUGHT OF TO-DAY.

BY WILLIAM H. JOHNSON.

The greatest of themes, that is, the question of survival after death, has not been more ably presented in any recent contribution than in the article, *Immortality: Its Place in the Thought of To-day*, by William H. Johnson, of Cambridge, Mass. Mr. Johnson's treatment of the subject gives a complete discussion both historical and in its latest aspects. A specially valuable part of the paper is a collection of brief opinions from a large number of the foremost men of the day. The subject is dealt with in a thoroughly exhaustive manner, though in comparatively brief compass.

OPEN LETTER TO THE MONETARY COMMISSION.

BY GEORGE A. GROOT.

Under the caption, *Open Letter to the Monetary Commission*, our new contributor, Mr. George A. Groot, of Cleveland, will present a caustic article on the motives and plans of the Monetary Commission now besieging the government of the United States. This paper of Mr. Groot's makes cogent reply to the several questions submitted by the Monetary Commission to business men in general.

A GRAVEYARD WITH A HISTORY.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

To all readers of THE ARENA Mr. B. O. Flower's popular descriptive paper on one of the most interesting historical landmarks of Boston, entitled *A Graveyard with a History*, will be most welcome. It is written in the author's lightest vein. Mr. Flower, having severed his relations with *The New Time*, will bring to his articles the full force of his large talents and sterling patriotism. Our readers will anticipate his contributions with deep interest.

UNKNOWN NATURAL FORCES.

BY CAMILLE FLAMMARION.

The international reputation of Camille Flammarion, astronomer and author, insures for whatever he writes a universal interest. His contribution on *Psychic Forces* in THE ARENA for December was accepted by the public as one of the ablest and most unprejudiced dissertations ever published on the mysterious agencies along the border line of human life. The article provoked a critical review by Dr. William R. Fisher which appeared in THE ARENA for February. M. Flammarion returns to the

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discussion with one of his most interesting communications, entitled *Unknown Natural Forces*. We should not be surprised that the discussion thus called forth would be a permanent contribution to the literature of a subject in which the most thoughtful of men are profoundly interested.

MULTIPLE STANDARD MONEY.

BY HON. HENRY WINN.

The article on *Multiple Standard Money*, by Hon. Henry Winn, of Boston, is an unanswerable argument in favor of a monetary unit derived from the index of general values, as against the theory of a metallic unit. Major Winn is an authority on the subject discussed. No man more than he has investigated the bottom facts and principles of this all-important subject. His contribution will be read with profound interest and advantage by all students of the money question.

FRANCES E. WILLARD AND HER WORK.

BY MRS. MARY LOWE DICKINSON.

Our readers will welcome a contribution from the eminent Mary Lowe Dickinson, ex-president of the National Council of Women. Her article will be more than usually acceptable on account of the theme. Mrs. Dickinson writes of the life and work of Frances E. Willard. This assures the adequate interpretation of the mission of one of the most distinguished American women by another who is her peer.

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY AND THE WALDORF-ASTORIA BANQUET.

BY JOHN CLARK RIDPATH.

Under the caption *President McKinley and the Waldorf-Astoria Banquet*, the editor of THE ARENA will review in the number for May the speech and policies of President McKinley as given forth at the recent annual banquet of the National Association of Manufacturers, which took place at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, New York. The occasion thus considered was so conspicuous, and the utterances of the President at the banquet, spread for a thousand at \$15 per plate, were so extraordinary as to justify a respectful criticism.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A SCIENTIST.

BY CHARLES MELVILLE SHEPHERD.

The piece of fiction to be found in the forthcoming issue of THE ARENA is entitled *The Confessions of a Scientist*, by Charles Melville Shepherd. The story is a clever excursion into the realm of imagination, and deals with an interesting phase of the psychological subjects which engage the attention of so many people of the present day.

THE EDITOR'S EVENING, ETC.

The number will conclude with the usual brief paragraphs of the Editor's Evening, the Plaza of the Poets, the Book Review, etc.

IF THE BABY IS CUTTING TEETH,

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

\$1.⁰⁰ Trial Subscription to The Arena \$1.⁰⁰ Six Months, to New Subscribers for \$1.

THE ARENA for the coming months will be especially rich in the character of its contents. These will include articles of surpassing interest from the pens of the greatest among the leaders of the people. The contributions will cover all movements for the political and social betterment of the masses. The present is therefore an exceptional opportunity for extending the circulation and influence of THE ARENA among all classes. With this object in view, we offer to send *THE ARENA* for six months, as a trial subscription to new subscribers, commencing with the March or the April number, for \$1.00.

We earnestly and cordially invite the co-operation of our readers and friends, so that this unprecedented opportunity to obtain the great Magazine of the People may not be lost to thousands by whom it would be appreciated.

What we ask of you is:

If you are not already a subscriber, take advantage of this offer to become one, and if possible bring others with you.

If you are already a subscriber, we ask you to obtain at least one new name for us, ten if possible, one hundred if you are able.

WE OFFER THESE PREMIUMS.

1. To those sending us *two or more names*, we will send free a copy of "*Notable Events of the Nineteenth Century*," by John Clark Ridpath, Editor of THE ARENA.

2. To those sending us *ten or more names*, we will send a copy of "*Notable Events*," and also present them with *THE ARENA* free for one year (or extend their current subscription for that period).

3. To those sending us *one hundred names*, we will send free *THE ARENA* from Vol. 1 (*December, 1889*) to Vol. 18 (*December, 1897*) splendidly bound in brown cloth, stamped in gold, value \$54.00.

We also direct special attention to the extension of this offer in connection with The Arena's College Course of Education, particulars of which are given in following pages.

We trust that this magnificent opportunity may not be neglected by our friends. The progress that has been made by THE ARENA during the past few months has been most encouraging to us, proving beyond a doubt that its mission is being fulfilled and appreciated among all classes in the community.

AGENTS desiring to take trial subscriptions on commission will receive a most favorable offer upon request.

THE ARENA COMPANY, Boston, Mass.

Knowledge is Power.

Important Announcement to readers of **THE ARENA.**

A Three Months' College Course Free to Raisers of Clubs of New Readers.

There are doubtless thousands among our readers who, while appreciating the value of a thorough education, are unable from some cause to obtain such. It may be locality, want of time, or want of money which stands in the way. To all such we believe the arrangement we have made with Prof. Lewis D. Sampson, in special charge of the course of Journalism at the Normal College at Valparaiso, Ind., will prove of inestimable benefit. THE ARENA has always contended that education is the prime factor in the elevation and advancement of the people. We therefore take the greater pleasure in perfecting this arrangement, whereby we are enabled, while helping THE ARENA, to offer to our readers the means of a thorough course of education, obtainable without the outlay of a single dollar by them.

We offer to give, free, to any reader who obtains for us six new yearly subscribers, a THREE MONTHS' COLLEGE COURSE of instruction in any or all of the following branches: Geography, Physiology, Civil Government, Political Economy, History, Arithmetic, Grammar, Composition, Rhetoric, American Literature. Special course for those more advanced in Higher Composition and Higher Rhetoric. Also advanced work in English and American Literature, General History, Advanced Civil Government and Political Economy, the Science of Government, and Higher Mathematics, all arranged and graded to suit the student.

The work is done on . . .

THE CHAUTAUQUA PLAN,

through direct correspondence between instructor and pupil. Lessons are regularly assigned to the pupil by letter. Club-raisers study the lessons carefully at home and then report on them by letter or thesis, as may be required. The regular instructors carefully examine, criticize, and correct the reports, and return them to the pupil. Students will be allowed to use any text-books they may have on any of these subjects, and in no way will the club-raiser be required to undergo any additional expense in order to complete the course.